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Original Poetry.

THE LOVER TO MOLLY GRAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY DAVID L. ROATH.

Oh, I love you, Molly Gray,
Will you have me, Molly, pray?
If you don't, I know I'll die;
Then big tears will fill your eye.
You can't stop 'em if you try,
Molly Gray.

If you'll have me, Molly Gray,
Let us quickly run away,—
For your pa despises me,
But we soon can let him see,
That no plant slaves are we,
Molly Gray.

I've no money, Molly Gray,
My board bill I cannot pay,—
But your pappy will relent,
When the cash you'll bring is spent,
And to limbo we are sent,
Molly Gray.

I must marry, Molly Gray,
I am hiding every day,—
For the Sheriff's after me;
If he once my face doth see,
Carried into jail I'll be,
Molly Gray.

Oh, I love you, Molly Gray,
Will you have me, Molly, say?
I will come when night doth fall,
Take you quickly o'er the wall,
Then we'll on the parson call,
Molly Gray.

LOCH KATRINE.*

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EDWIN HERIOT.

Pure chrystal stream! whose banks of ivy green,
'Mid wildwood scenes, by Nature's pencillings made,
Tall forest trees from Summer's parching screen,
Majestic oaks with spreading branches shade.

While roaming gaily o'er these antique grounds
Where ancient worthies trod, and kindred dwell,
Where old timed hospitality abounds,
And deeds the stranger's heartfelt welcome tell;

'Tis sweet to view, as onward gently move
Thy rippling rills, the moon's clear brilliant light,
The twinkling orbs, the canopy above,
Reflected in thy sparkling waters bright.

From Nature's works, the heart to sweet commune
With Nature's God, thy varied beauties raise,
Fit theme to task the artist's skill—to tune
The minstrel's harp, and wake the Muse's praise.

* A beautiful romantic spot in one of the old parishes of South Carolina, visited by the writer a few years ago.

Original Tales.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1847, by S. D. Patterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

AGNES;
OR, THE POSSESSED.
A Tale of Mesmerism.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER X.

After Agnes Wellmore parted from her lover, and commenced her journey of a few hours, to Boston, she sunk into a state of reverie as painful as it was deep. For Ralph Percival she felt not only a pure and earnest love, but she had a high respect for his character and intelligence. Her own mind was one of considerable strength, and she had been in the habit of reasoning with much accuracy from premises to conclusions and forming opinions for herself up to the time that her intimacy with Ralph commenced. After that, she began gradually to look at most subjects by means of his as well as her own intelligence, and inclined more and more to the habit of referring things to his judgment before coming to settled conclusions herself. On Mons. Florien's arrival at M———, Ralph became captivated by his wonderful performances, but, in this instance, neither the feelings nor judgment of Agnes coincided with his. She felt a strong repugnance to the whole thing, and, as has been seen, consented to be mesmerized in order to avoid pain, in opposition to all the instincts of her nature. But after coming once under the mesmerizer's influence, notwithstanding the views of Ralph had become changed, and the young man strove hard to make her see the danger he apprehended from the use of what he now considered disorderly means, Agnes could see little or no force in any argument he brought forward on the subject; or, if she did, her leaning toward mesmerism soon entirely obscured it. The reader has already seen to what extent she came under that influence before she left M———.

For about a month previous to the time of her leaving for Boston, Agnes found that she could think of little else than mesmerism. She mused on the subject through the day and dreamed of it at night. There was a constant influx into her mind of ideas connected with this theme, against which she often strove to oppose a barrier, but in vain. The letters from Florien, which she regularly received, constantly furnished her with new views on the subject, and kept alive her interest. These letters were written with the skill of one who had an end to gain, and understood well the character of the individual he was desirous of winning over to his own purposes. Their effect upon the mind of Agnes was all he could wish.

As we have just said, Agnes sunk into a deep and painful reverie. The fact of parting with Ralph, had agitated her heart with the tenderest emotions. She loved him deeply, purely, ardently. But she was conscious of now acting towards him with duplicity. Her real purpose in visiting Boston, she had concealed from him, because she knew that he would object in the strongest terms to her going, were he even to imagine the true reason. And besides, the act would naturally tend to awaken unjust suspicion in his mind. Florien, she thought of only as a man possessing a wonderful and almost supernatural power. What he said of mesmerism she fully believed; and was, moreover, inspired with an unconquerable desire to place herself in his hands, in order that she might become the medium of bringing down from the unknown and invisible world the knowledge of things more wonderful than any yet heard of or even imagined. This Florien assured her over and over again, would be the result, if she would permit her remarkable power of seeing with the eyes of her spirit, while her natural perceptions were in a state of quiescence, to come into their highest activity. It was in order to give the mesmerizer a better opportunity for developing this faculty, that Agnes went to Boston. No other motive would have been strong enough to induce her to bear some two months' separation from Ralph; not even the hope of relief from the nervous pains she suffered. To part with her lover, under these circumstances, could not but produce sadness. Over and over again did she regret, before she reached the end of her journey, ever having left her home.

As a natural consequence, this state of mind led her to reflect upon the nature of her lover's objections to mesmerism, and to look at them more seriously than she had ever done. Over and over again had he expressed to her his belief, that where any one gave himself into the hands of a magnetizer, and permitted him to take away his freedom and his reason, were it for ever so short a time, his mind would be disturbed from its even balance, and he would be more inclined than previously, to let the magnetizer try his experiments upon him;—and further, that this willingness would increase in a ratio with the frequency of the experiments, until he would become little more than a subject of the will of another. To all this she had been in the habit of expressing an unqualified dissent. But now, from certain inversions of thought, that gave her to see more clearly what was her own true state in regard to mesmerism, she more than half admitted that there might be the danger he appeared so much to dread. This admission being made, it formed the plane for an influx of ideas that she had hitherto entirely shut out from her mind. The more she thought, the more clearly did the force of Ralph's arguments, the conclusions of which were in her memory, present themselves. Regret for the unadvised step she had taken, next arose; and these led her to the wise conclusion not to permit Mons. Florien to magnetize her until she had given the subject at least a week's careful reflection, in view of the evil results likely to follow a continuance of his experiments.

"Better suffer a life-time of disease and pain," she said to herself, "than have freedom and reason removed from their empire over the mind."

This was the state of Agnes when she arrived in Boston. In the blindness of the one purpose she had in view, she had neglected to mention to any one but Florien the precise time at which she would arrive. She was not certain whether he would meet her, not having received the letter that declared his intention to do so, and she sincerely hoped he would not. In her then state of mind, she felt as if she would much rather find her way alone to her friend's house, than be escorted by him. It must be owned that she had a fear of coming into contact with him, lest his presence should dissipate the good resolution she had just formed. But Florien was too much interested in the fact of her arrival to forget the time. He was at the depot for the cars, and ready to receive her.

"How glad I am to see you, my dear Miss Wellmore!" he said, grasping her hand,—"I have a carriage ready to convey you to your friends. Come!"

To refuse this civility, was out of the question. Even the wish to do so soon faded from the mind of Agnes. The baggage was quickly placed behind the carriage, into which she entered with Florien. The driver mounted his box, cracked his whip, and away they dashed over the rattling pavement. The noise made by the sounding wheels was too great to permit of conversation. Agnes shrunk back in her seat, her companion sitting directly opposite and soon became lost in her own reflections. These for some time were clear and well defined, embracing the subject of her relation and duty to Ralph Percival. Gradually, however, her thoughts became dreamy and obscure, and she was conscious of an effort to arouse herself, but it was feebly made. Then a delicious languor stole over her, while all around became lucid as chrystal; and music, more soft and sweet than her ears had ever known, stole, with its exquisite melody, upon what seemed newly awakened senses.

When next fully conscious of her existence as a being in the natural world, Agnes found herself in a room, amid a crowd of people, with lights gleaming all around her. She was seated in a large rocking chair, with her head reclining against the back, and very near to her sat Florien and a lady, both with their eyes fixed earnestly upon her. Agnes became immediately sensible of a jarring motion, and also of a heavy laboring, crashing, and rushing sound.

"Where am I?" she eagerly asked, making a motion as if about to rise.

"Do not be alarmed! Compose yourself, my dear young lady!" said Florien, in a low earnest voice.

"But where am I?" she repeated, an expression of terror settling upon her face.

"You are safe, and with friends," returned Florien.

"Yes, with friends," said the lady, his companion, with a winning smile.

Agnes drew her hand before her eyes, and tried to collect her bewildered thoughts. She soon clearly understood that she was on board of a steamboat—but why she was there, and whither she was bound, were questions she tried in vain to answer. As she sat thus, she could distinctly perceive that a languor was again stealing over both her body and mind. She made a strong effort to throw this off, but without succeeding. A thought of what it was and whence it proceeded, flashed over her mind, and caused her to make a more resolute attempt to rise above it, but it was all in vain.

When again fully awake to what was passing around her, the scene was changed. The jarring, laboring, rushing noise had ceased. All was still, and the daylight came softly in through a shaded window. She was no longer on board of a steamboat, but in a room, and reclining upon a bed. Agnes now recollected, distinctly, her arrival in Boston, and her entering a carriage with Mons. Florien to be conveyed to the house of the friends she had come to visit. From this point all was a blank, until she found herself in the cabin of a steamboat. Then came another blank, and now, here she was, in a strange house in a strange place.

"Gracious Heaven! What can it all mean?" she exclaimed, in a low, deep voice, when she fully understood the strangeness of her position, rising up, and looking around her with a wild, bewildered air.

The instant she spoke she heard a movement in the room. A lady who had been concealed from her view by the bed curtains, came quickly to her side, saying, with a smile, as she approached—

"Be calm, my dear young lady! You are with friends."

"But where am I?"

"Do not disturb yourself. In a little while you will know all."

"Know what! Heaven help me! But this must be all a dream. Oh! that I could awake."

Agnes covered her face with her hands, as she said this mournfully, and sunk back upon the bed. Her attendant remained silent until she again aroused herself, which she did after the lapse of two or three minutes.

"There has been some strange spell upon me," Agnes said, rising up in bed, and looking with an earnest, bewildered air into the face of the woman who stood at the bed-side. "Something is wrong—wrong—wrong! For the love of Heaven! tell me where I am and why I am here."

The anxious expression of the young lady's face changed into a look of alarm—almost to terror, as she eagerly scanned her attendant, and waited for her reply.

"Do not give yourself needless anxiety," replied the stranger, in a quiet voice, smiling as she spoke. "In a little while all will be explained to you. You are as safe as if in your own home."

"But whose house is this?" asked Agnes.

"It is my house," returned her companion.

"Your house!" Agnes shrunk from the woman. "Then I am here with your consent."

"Yes. But you are safe from all harm."

"But why am I here? Tell me that!"

"Be patient, and in a little while all will be explained. Your destiny is a high one, and you have taken your first step in the accomplishment of that destiny. Do not falter, nor pause, nor go back. You have a mission to perform—let me conjure you to perform it well!"

"You speak to me a strange language, madam!" said Agnes. But as she said this she remembered that words of similar import had been uttered in her ears by Florien. A dim light began to break upon her, that grew clearer and clearer, until the truth itself was fully revealed. She understood all, but shuddered as the cloud that had obscured her mind, lifted itself up and passed away.

"A destiny! A mission!" she murmured, again closing her eyes and thinking with all the energy she possessed. "Yes—yes—yes. I see it now. I have lost my freedom! I am enslaved by a power that is wonderful in its mysterious potency. A mission! A destiny! God help me!" And a shudder ran through her frame. For some time she lay silent; then rousing up, she said, in an earnest, appealing tone,

"Oh! save me from this fearful destiny. You are a woman, and I will believe that you have a woman's heart. I have been wrongfully withdrawn from my friends. Neither my own consent nor theirs has been obtained by those who first destroyed my consciousness and then took possession of my person. Set me free. Let me go back, and my heart will ever bless you! Oh! lady, let me not plead in vain." The poor girl clasped her hands in an agony of supplication. The distress evinced by Agnes touched the woman's feelings.

"Do not grieve yourself," she said, with much tenderness, pressing her hand upon the white forehead of Agnes as she lay upon the pillow. "You have no cause for grief. You have been removed from your friends, it is true, but, in a little while you will be restored to them unharmed; and the world will be wiser for your brief absence. You know the wonderful gift you possess. It can now be brought into full and undisturbed exercise, which could not have been the case had you remained with your friends. Be patient—be hopeful—be humble—and fix your eyes upon the high destiny, to accomplish which God has set you apart."

A gush of tears was the only reply that Agnes made to this appeal. For a long time she wept bitterly. After she grew calm, she asked if Mons. Florien were in the house. On being answered in the affirmative, she expressed a wish to see him.

"He will see you whenever you desire it," said the woman. "But first you must have breakfast, and change your dress. You have eaten nothing since yesterday. I will order your breakfast to be sent up immediately." The woman then rang the bell, and to the servant who came, gave the required order.

On rising from the bed, Agnes found that her trunk was in the room. By the time her breakfast came up, she had made all needful changes in her dress, and restored her person to its usual neat appearance. But she did not attempt to taste the food that was set before her.

"Eat, my dear young lady!" said her companion, with evident concern at her indisposition to partake of food. "You have tasted of nothing since yesterday."

"I cannot eat," returned Agnes, shaking her head. "I would choke in the attempt."

"But you cannot do without food. You must eat."

"Do not urge me. It is useless. Let me see Mons. Florien. He must take me back," replied Agnes, with energy.

"You shall see him. But he will not take you back now. I am sure he will not."

"He *must* take me back! What right had he to remove me from my friends? How *dare* he do it!" The eyes of Agnes flashed with indignation, and her voice expressed as strongly what she felt.

"All this is unworthy of you—of the high mission upon which you are sent," replied the woman, calmly. "You must rise above it—far above it."

"But why need I be removed from my friends? Why need my liberty be taken from me?" asked Agnes. "As Heaven is my witness, I will not submit to it! I will at once leave this room and this house, and throw myself upon the protection of the first person I meet! Never will I submit to an outrage like this!"

Agnes moved towards the door as she spoke, with a determined air; but the woman sprung before her, and turning the key in the lock, removed it and thrust it into her pocket.

"Pardon me," she said, in the same quiet voice in which she had from the first spoken. "I cannot permit so rash a step. You shall see Mons. Florien immediately if you desire it."

"In your presence!" asked Agnes, quickly, as she leaned against the wall, overcome with the various emotions that were contending in her mind.

"Certainly, if such is your wish," replied the woman, promptly.

"This is your house you say?"

"It is. Or, rather, my husband's house."

"Your husband's! Who is your husband? What is his name?" eagerly asked Agnes.

"That question I cannot answer," returned the woman.

"Am I not to know your name?"

"No. It would do you no good, and might do us harm! for but few could understand the high motive we have in view in what we are now doing."

"Where am I? In what city?"

The woman replied, "This neither are you to know?"

Agnes drooped her head and sat lost in deep thought for some minutes. Then looking up, she said,

"In your own house, you can do as you please!"

"Yes, if I do right," was replied.

"Then promise me that Mons. Florien shall never enter this room, unless you are present all the time he is here."

"I promise," was the ready answer.

"For that I thank you!" replied Agnes, gratefully. "Now let this man who has basely violated the confidence I reposed in him, be called."

"Say not basely, dear lady!"

"Yes, basely. Let me see him, that I may tell him so to his face."

The woman rung the bell, and to the servant who came to the door, gave some directions in a low voice. The servant retired, and in a little while there was a gentle rap without. The door was opened, and Florien entered. Agnes was standing in the centre of the room. The mesmerizer bowed low and respectfully, and then approaching, offered Agnes his hand. But she shrunk away, at the same time fixing her eyes sternly upon him.

"Pardon me—" he began, but he was interrupted by Agnes, who said, in a firm voice—

"No words, Mons. Florien! I want no words, but acts! Restore me at once to my friends, and let oblivion cover the past."

"But, my dear young—"

"Silence!" Agnes drew up her tall but slender person majestically, and stamped her foot upon the floor. "I will hear nothing! Release me from this place, or consequences that you would do well to avoid, may follow. Sir, you have ventured too far!"

"I will retire," said Florien, in a low, but calm voice, turning and walking toward the door.

He had his hand upon the lock, when Agnes cried in an agitated voice—

"Stay, Mons. Florien!"

The mesmerizer paused, and half turning, looked partly over his shoulder. Agnes advanced two or three steps.

"Will you do as I wish?" she said.

"Not now," was replied. "I cannot."

"You must—you must, Mons. Florien! You had no right to do as you have done."

"I have done you no wrong, Miss Wellmore," returned Florien—"none whatever."

"You have taken away my liberty! Is that no wrong?" said Agnes.

"This is but temporary, and, I think, in the end, even you will not call it a wrong. Think of the object in view. Think of the great results that are to be the consequence. Do not forget these."

"I can remember nothing but that I am a prisoner, and made so by the use of unlawful means. I was faithfully warned against the power you possessed, as a disorderly and dangerous one; but I disregarded those warnings. But now my eyes are opened. I have felt that power. But you shall exercise it on me no more. I will oppose you with a resolute will. You shall not again find me a slave to do your behests!"

Agnes spoke with energy, while Florien fixed her eye, and held it in the steady glance of his own. It was in vain that she tried to remove it. Like a bird in the charmed circle of its fearful enemy, she soon began to move to and fro, as if struggling to escape. In a little while she dropped, slowly, into a chair, which the woman, who remained in the room, had placed near her; her head sunk upon her bosom, her eyes closed, and a painfully sad expression settled upon her fair young countenance.

"Poor creature!" said the woman, tenderly, as Agnes sunk into a profound mesmeric sleep. "It goes harder with her than I supposed it would. How wonderfully susceptible she is! Even while she set her will in strong opposition to yours, by a single act of volition did you bring her under your entire control."

"I am sorry she takes it so hard," returned Florien. "But it cannot be helped now. She is in our power, and we must use her for the important ends we have in view."

"Shall I call the doctor?" asked the woman.

"Yes. We must lose no time. We cannot tell the day when we may be deprived of her wonderful powers."

The woman again rang for the servant by whom she sent a message to her husband. The doctor, as Florien had called him, soon made his appearance. He was a pleasant-looking man, of middle stature, with rather an intelligent face, but more remarkable for his showy dressing-gown and slippers than for any thing else.

Meantime, Agnes remained sitting upon the chair, with every sense locked up, and for all that was known by those who were presuming to trifle with a power of whose origin and nature they were profoundly ignorant, with every sense of her soul like wise asleep, and all her wonderful organism in the possession of some evil spirit who used it, for a time, as his own.

CHAPTER XI.

We will not detail minutely the singular results that were obtained by Florien during the time that Agnes remained in the magnetic sleep. They were such as ordinarily attend a state of *clairvoyance* in subjects whose high susceptibility to nervous impressions is the result of chronic nervous derangement. She not only saw and described minutely what was in the operator's mind, but went beyond this, and saw and described things of which he had no knowledge whatever; besides developing kindred wonders of her state, bearing a close family likeness to those detailed at length by Townshend, Deleuze, Lager and others, and also described in the Zoist and other periodicals devoted to this subject.

After Agnes had been retained in the magnetic sleep as long as those who had her under their control chose to continue their experiments, a memorandum of which was kept, Florien restored her to her natural state, and immediately retired with the doctor, leaving her in charge of the doctor's wife.

A despairing gush of tears evinced her perfect return to consciousness. The woman who remained with her, tried to speak words of comfort, but Agnes threw her off by saying, indignantly,

"You, too, are leagued against me in this unholy compact. Your softly spoken words and smiles are all heartless."

"You are a weak and silly young creature," replied the woman, "thus to war with your high destiny. But you will think and feel better soon. In a few days all this nonsense will leave you, and you will join us with an ardor equal to our own in these intensely interesting pursuits. I must leave you now, and I hope, when alone, you will think more wisely than you now do. You have yet partaken of no food,—I will send you some up, and must beg of you, for your own sake, to use it as you need."

Saying this, the woman retired, locking the door after her. The room in which Agnes was confined, had but one window, which was closed by a Venitian shutter. This, soon after the woman had retired, she examined carefully. The shutter proved to be fastened on the inside with a new spring bolt, that could not be moved except by the application of a key. The key of course had not been left within her reach. On looking through the shutter, she perceived that she was in the third story, and that the room she occupied was back. There was no means of escape this way, nor of making herself heard by any one.

Food was, after some time, brought to Agnes. Her long fast had now excited hunger, and she partook of it with a good appetite. She saw nothing more of Florien until evening, when he came in, accompanied by the doctor's wife, sat down and endeavored to enter into conversation with her; but Agnes would hear of nothing but an immediate restoration to her friends. This he assured her should be speedily done; but would not say at what precise time. He tried, but in vain, to reconcile her to the circumstances under which she was placed, by representing the great use to society that would result from her wonderful facility for sleep-seeing. At length he said—

"You will permit me to magnetize you this evening?"

But she replied, emphatically, "No! Never again, with my consent, shall you do it."

"I can do it without your consent, Agnes," he said to this. "But I wish to have your full concurrence in what we are now doing."

"That you can never have. With my free consent, never will I again come under your influence, nor that of any man who practises your infamous art!"

Florien started, and looked with surprise, not unmingled with anger, upon the high spirited, beautiful girl, he had drawn into his power.

"What do you mean," he said, "by applying such an epithet to mesmerism."

"Just what my words convey. Could an angel from heaven thus enslave a mind as you, by some agency that you have invoked from the spiritual world, have enslaved mine? No. Your agent is not an angel but a demon. But neither you nor your evil agent shall long have dominion over me. I will yet be free from your power!"

Finding that all parley was vain, Florien made an attempt to throw her into the mesmeric sleep which she perceiving endeavored, by simply opposing the efforts of her own will, to prevent. But she was as powerless in his hands as before. In a little while, every sensation of body and mind was laid asleep, and she once more became the passive subject by which spiritual phenomena were elicited. After this, Agnes seemed less repugnant than at first, and was more easily affected. Several times Florien put her to sleep by sending her books that he had magnetized. This was done by way of experiment.

After these experiments had been conducted some three or four days, Florien and the doctor began to speculate upon the results they had obtained, as well as upon the real causes that led to them. The theory of Florien was, that he held the spirit of his subject in such entire subjection, that she only saw what was in his mind, and obeyed the command of his will. But there was something beyond this that could not be accounted for on such a theory. She could see and describe things of which he had no knowledge. This he explained by supposing that, in some of the higher states, her spirit went forth from the body. The doctor at first agreed with this, but either in reading or from thinking, he had struck upon a different idea which rather startled him. What that idea was, will appear in the following conversation, which took place after a series of experiments with Agnes had been made.

"I cannot understand it all, on your theory," said the doctor, in reply to something that the other had said. "I am strongly inclined to doubt, in fact, the whole truth of your theory."

"On what ground?" asked Florien.

"You believe the mind of Agnes to be active, while under the control of your mind."

"I do."

"Well, I very much doubt whether her mind acts at all."

"But it does act. It must act. Does not she describe what I will her to describe, and do what I will her to do? In fact, is not the action of her mind perfect! You question the action of her mind? What can you mean?"

"I am very much inclined to believe," said the doctor, "that, by mesmerism, her mind is put entirely to sleep, and that some spirit perceiving this, instantly takes possession of her body, and speaks and acts by its organs under the direction of your mind."

"Absurd!"

"If this be not so, how can you account for the fact, that the person who has been mesmerized is, after coming *out* of that state, entirely ignorant of all that has transpired while he was *in* that state? If his mind *acted at all, some record of its action must remain. Self-consciousness is one of the attributes of the human soul; but this somnambulists do not generally possess.*"

Florien attempted to argue against this. But he was not able to do so with satisfaction to himself.

"It is little better than mere possession," he said.

"It is no better, if what I suggest be true," replied the doctor. "It is, to all intents and purposes the possession, temporarily, of a human body, during the total unconsciousness of its rightful owner, by some wandering spirit who delights in—what shall I say—doing good? I am afraid not."

"Does the same thing take place in natural sleep?"

"No. Sleep, as you have expressed it, is a *natural* state. But that state into which the mesmerisee comes is unnatural, and cannot therefore be governed by natural laws, or, in other words, the ordinary laws of order that govern the human mind. We all know that the mind still retains its self consciousness, for it awakes from sleep with a recollection, more or less distinct, of dreams. But in the mesmerized subject, from the time the senses become locked up until the spell is removed, all is a dead blank. Depend upon it, it is mere possession!"

Florien shook his head, and replied,

"No—no! It cannot be. The idea is preposterous! How could a spirit, as you suggest, take possession of a human body?"

"As to the precise mode in which it is done, I cannot say. The fact that such possession may take place is no harder of belief than the fact you assume, that you possess the mind of your subject, and control it as you will. Indeed, the more I reflect upon the matter, the more difficult of belief does your theory seem, when compared with the one I have suggested. That which makes a man, is freedom and reason. His will is the inmost principle of his spiritual being, and is where freedom resides. Touch this—take away his power to think and act in freedom, and he is no longer a man. Now I can much more easily believe that a man's whole mind may be laid asleep, and another spirit be permitted to act, for a time, by means of his body, than I can believe that his mind can come under the control of another mind so fully that he shall not be able to think or act for himself."

On the day after this discussion took place, Agnes was thrown into the mesmeric sleep as usual. When she awoke, she became instantly aware that she was in another place. The room was smaller, and the furniture entirely different. She was sitting in a chair, and the wife of Doctor ——— was standing near her.

"Where am I now?" she asked, on becoming fully awake.

"We have given you a new chamber," said the woman.

"In the same house?" asked Agnes, looking her steadily in the face.

There was a slight hesitation, and then the woman answered,

"No. We have changed, for a time, our residence—but will go back again."

Agnes asked no more questions, but sunk into a state of dull abstraction, from which she did not arouse herself for some hours, and then not until the appearance of Florien. For some days she had made but feeble efforts to oppose the magnetizer's influence; but the fact of having been removed from one place to another, without having been in the smallest degree cognizant of the circumstance, fretted her mind, and when she saw him, fired her resolution, and caused her to make another vigorous struggle to be free. But it was little more than the fluttering of the bird while yet beneath the net. It required a stronger effort on the part of Florien to lay her excited and struggling spirit; but he was none the less successful in reducing all into quiet and leaden insensibility.

After the lapse of a couple of weeks, Agnes found herself, on coming out of her magnetic sleep, one day, back in her old apartment in the house of Doctor ———. But as to the city or street in which that house stood, she yet remained profoundly ignorant. Here, week after week went by, the poor unhappy creature sinking more and more, every day, into the condition of a slave to the mesmerizer. All the means of resistance to the mysterious power he had gained over her, that were suggested to her mind, she had tried, but in vain. His very presence subdued her, and under the power of his strange eye, she sunk into unconsciousness.

True to her first promise, the wife of Doctor ——— never left her alone with Florien. She attended her in all the experiments that were made, and did everything in her power to make her condition comfortable.

One day, it was nearly two months from the time Agnes had disappeared from the eyes of her friends, she was magnetized by Florien as usual. After a number of curious results had been obtained, and all the phenomena carefully observed by Doctor ———, and the mesmerizers, with a view to an elucidation and confirmation of their theories, to which each seemed to grow more and more wedded; the two men fell into a discussion, which grew so warm that Florien forgot his "subject," who slowly awoke from her unnatural slumber. Something that fell upon her ear, just as her mind began again to act, impressed her with a strong desire to hear what they were talking about, and caused her to assume all the external appearances of unconsciousness that had but a few moments before been real.

"Depend upon it," said the doctor, "it is possession, and nothing else. That girl's body, now, I am satisfied, is in the entire possession of some spirit, with whom, and not with her spirit, you have been conversing."

This was what fell upon the ear of Agnes, and arrested her attention.

"That, to me, is inconceivable," returned Florien. "If her body be possessed by another spirit, where is *her* spirit in the mean time? It must be either in or out of her body. If out of her body, where is it? If in her body, how can two spirits be in possession of one bodily organism at the same time?"

"I am yet too ignorant of the laws which govern mere spirits," said the doctor, "to be able to answer such questions either to your satisfaction or to my own. But it is much easier for me to believe that a spirit might take possession, temporarily, of a human body, than it is for me to believe that the self-consciousness of any one could be destroyed."

"This is often destroyed in insane persons," replied Florien. "How very common a thing is it for a person who has been deranged for years, to come out of that state, with only the things that transpired previously to his falling into it, impressed upon his memory. Do you believe insane persons to be possessed of spirits?"

"I have always believed that," said the doctor.

"You have?"

"Yes. And this was what led me to think of a mesmerized subject as in a state of possession, somewhat similar."

Agnes felt a cold shudder run through her frame, at this remark. To be possessed of spirits! The thought was horrible.

"Nor am I alone in this opinion. In an old and curious document on mesmerism, bearing the date of Stockholm, June 15, 1787, I find this passage."

The doctor then read from a paper which he drew from his pocket, the following:—

"Every Magnetizer, after having brought his patient into a state of sleep-talking, may, at pleasure, not only convince himself that the sleep-talker is *a different being from the patient*, but also come to the knowledge of *who that being is*, and of a thousand other wonderful things respecting another life, religious truths, and the inward state of man. A Magnetizer, speaking only *to the spirit as to another man*, and not to the sleeper, can, by rationally directed, and well digested questions, render it practicable for the spirit to make itself known, *as a being different from him whose tongue he makes use of*. This communication seems not to fall within the sphere of *those beings who speak through the organs of the sleeper*, before, by the Lord's permission, those present by their questions, thus arranged, have opened their way. But every one who will institute these experiments, must be careful not to abuse them by an improper curiosity; for such an abuse would not fail to provoke the infliction of well-deserved chastisement. We make this remark after mature deliberation, and for reasons which have great influence upon our hearts; and are prepared to meet every objection or contradiction, and even, if necessary, that ridicule and mockery which may be heaped upon us by the unthinking and spiteful rabble—who in every thing of this description, see nothing but an object of scorn and sarcasm; for these persons push their talents high, in never investigating a subject, or to see it in any other, but that distorted and obscure light, which best suits them."

* * * * * *

"The state of the somnambulist, during the magnetic sleep, may be called ecstatic, in order by that epithet to indicate *a suspension of the functions of the will and understanding*, in the exercise of which, man's ordinary being, or *esse* consists. Such a state plainly demonstrates, that what is said or done through the sleeper's organs, is *not the act of his soul*, but of some *other being who has taken possession of his organs*. So long as the magnetized person exhibits painful paroxysms, such as convulsions, &c., it is a sign that the spirit of disease, which certainly cannot be a benevolent being, is still present; but this spirit has no power to speak through the organs of the patient, unless he is fully possessed; a dreadful condition, of which we have seen some appalling examples, of which statements have been prepared, to the truthfulness of which there are many credible witnesses; this condition is, to a certain degree, the same with that of those who are deprived of their reason."*

While the doctor read this extract, Agnes listened with the most profound and eager interest.

"I do not understand that last part," said Florien. "What is meant by the spirit of disease?"

"The idea entertained by the authors of this document, seems to be, that, in disease, a certain evil spirit is in the body of the diseased person, keeping up and increasing the morbid action; and that by magnetizing such a person, a more benevolent spirit takes possession of his body, and drives out the spirit of disease. 'So soon,' says this document, 'as the magnetized person begins to talk in his sleep, it is a sure sign that a spiritual being and friendly to the person (as being his guardian-angel or good genius, and possessing the same measure of goodness and wisdom with the patient) has succeeded, if not entirely to remove the disease or rather the spirit of the disease, has at least in so far rebuked its influence, that he, who is a benevolent being, is able to speak and act through means of the patient's organs, and to give suitable advice to those present to promote his recovery; as also to impart information on all subjects which do not transcend his own knowledge.'"

"All a mere fancy," Florien replied to this.

"It may be in regard to the character of the spirit who speaks by means of the organs of the subject. Certainly, I for one, would be very unwilling that any spirit should use my body for his own purposes, or to subserve the will of a magnetizer."

"If your theory, or rather the theory of the authors of the document you have quoted, be true, would you not be willing to have the 'spirit of disease' cast out by means of another spirit?"

"I am not so sure that I would," replied the doctor. "Besides, there is one fact connected with mesmeric cures, which has often struck me."

"What is that?"

"They are rarely, if ever, permanent."

Florien sat thoughtful for some time, and then said—

"That does seem to be the case."

"I have noticed it in all cases that have fallen under my observation," returned the doctor. "As a means of cure, therefore, it is not to be depended upon."

"As a means of taking away sensibility to pain, it certainly is of great importance. We have both witnessed the performance of long and dangerous operations that occasioned the patient no suffering whatever."

"True. And in this particular I esteem it most highly. But I would esteem it much higher, if I could fully understand from whence its extraordinary influence proceeds, and could be assured that it did not originate in something disorderly and evil."

"Your mind seems to have gotten into a doubting mood," said Florien. "You were as enthusiastic as myself a short time since."

"The fact is, Mons. Florien," said the doctor, speaking with a good deal of emphasis, "I somehow or other, grow less and less satisfied with our experiments every day, extraordinary as they are. I am afraid we will do this excellent young lady some serious harm; and if such were to be the case, I should never forgive myself. It is no light thing to take away the self-consciousness of a human being, and give into the possession of some spirit, we know not of what nature, the wonderful organism of his body."

"But I do not believe that, doctor!" Florien interrupted him by saying.

"Or worse, then," resumed the doctor; "put his mind under the control of another's will. But how this can be, is beyond my conception. Freedom is one of the essential attributes of the mind, and this is always accompanied by self-consciousness; you cannot take these away, and yet give to the *mind* rational activity, such as is possessed by the somnambulist. Therefore, it is clear to my mind, that the sleep-talker is a different being from the subject, and uses a material tongue not rightfully his own."

In this way the discussion was continued for some time, Agnes giving to all that was said the closest attention. At length Florien asked whether they should go on with their experiments then, or restore the subject to her natural state.

"I think we have pursued the matter far enough to-day," replied the doctor.

"Perhaps we have," said Florien, who stepped towards Agnes, and made a few reverse passes. She lifted her head, and looked around the room, but said nothing. Both the doctor and the magnetizer now asked her various questions, touching her recollection of what had passed during the continuance of the mesmeric sleep. Her answers were brief, but conclusive, as to the *entire annihilation of self-consciousness*. They then retired, and, soon afterwards, the doctor's wife, and Agnes was left alone with her own thoughts.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

* Letter from "The Exegetical and Philanthropic Society" at Stockholm, to the "Societe des Amis Reunis" at Strasburg, June 15, 1787.

Original Poem.

LINES,

Addressed to a Friend on the Evening of her Marriage.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY VALLETTA ORLAND.

Thou art happy now—the stars above
Ne'er shone more bright than light of love
Beams in thine eye;
The rosy smile that gilds thy cheek,
Tells tales of joy, thou power to speak
Frail words deny.

'Tis well; thy bridal hour so near,
Stern care, sad doubt, or dark'ning fear
Would ill become;
The Bride should wear a joyous look
Of trusting love, by doubt ne'er shook,
By naught o'ercome.

Then check not, Catharine, the glow,—
Thy heart's rich music let it flow,
'Twill well requite
The anxious care, oft fraught with pain,
With which thy Lover sought to gain
Thy heart's delight.

Behold him, yonder, see him stand,
Eager to clasp thy plighted hand;
To him more dear
One tender smile, one gentle word
From thee, than honor e'er confer'd
On Britain's peer.

Then fondly speak—the cold reserve
We maidens wear when first we love,
Cast thou away;
'Twould ill bedeck the brow of Bride,
The haughty air 'neath which we hide
Love's first pure ray.

Let mirth and joy illume the scene
Where Hope walks light in silvery sheen,
'Tis offering meet;
With spirits free as birds on wing,
And voices blithe as notes of spring,
The Bride to greet.

I too 'll be gay, as by thy side
I stand, the Maiden of the Bride,
In choice array,
And though my heart be pained the while,
Yet, I'll put on a happy smile,
And join the lay.

The merry strain, "I wish thee joy,"
E'en more, 'tis bliss without alloy
I ask for thee,—
Long life, content, serene and sweet,
Where Friendship, Truth, and Beauty meet,
Thy portion be.

And now, dear girl, one fond embrace,
Ere the Maiden takes the Wife's high place
At Life's rich board;
Our lips once more we'll fondly press
In maiden's pure and calm caress,
With thrilling word!

'Tis done—Cath'rine, I ask no more
That thou shouldst love, as in days of yore,
Thy girlhood's friend;
Another claims the priceless boon,
Confiding love; yet, if there's room
In thy heart to lend—

Fain would I crave a little share,
A thought, as thou in humble prayer
Dost bend the knee;
Ask, if thou wilt, high Heaven to bless,
And crown with peaceful happiness
My destiny.

Detroit.

Pictures of Life.

FROM BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

The keeping up of appearances is a disease not peculiar to one individual or one class. All the world is always trying to keep up appearances. It is the means by which everybody deceives everybody, and, more curious still, constantly deceives himself.

When any unfortunate individual fails in the attempt to keep up appearances, all the rest of the world flies at him and tears him piecemeal. He is dragged before judges appointed for the purpose, in a court solely appropriated to try such fools; and there placed in confinement, that he may not have the opportunity of again disgracing the world by failing in his attempt to keep up appearances; nine-tenths of his judges and detractors all the while trembling on the verge of the same destructive fall; yet they smile on, as if in the greatest state of security, lavishing their means with troubled souls, because they must keep up appearances.

The world is always straining and overreaching itself, in all its grades, to be the one above it. Every one wishes to be thought something, more than he or she really is. Thus you see the maid of all work, or family drudge, hunger for her holiday, and when it arrives, fag herself to death by wandering through the streets in her best things—many degrees too fine—with a veil and a boa which she must put in her pocket before she returns home, merely for the fleeting vanity of being taken for somebody who did not know the shape of a mop or a scrubbing brush.

Many a man who is obliged to keep up appearances by dressing well—which is a very expensive part of the delusion—must cut down his expenses in other quarters; consequently his lodging loses in respectability of situation what his coat gains in texture and cut. To have his boots and hat always in an undeniable state, he must put up with a second floor back; and if insane enough to indulge in a taglioni with velvet facings and a Llama shawl, suppers must be represented by hard biscuits.

The cheap locality in which this kind of single appearance lives is of very little consequence to him. His cautious manœuvres to get out of it, from his nervous apprehension of being seen by the world that really cares nothing about him, are amusing and droll. He pops out suddenly with a hurried glance around, to see that the coast is clear; the door is slammed to with a nervous twitch, and as if he placed the trap upon the domestic demon in possession of his secret. But before emerging from the end of the street into the world, he looks about as if he had missed his way; looks up at the name of the street, when seeing all right, he starts out upon the broad pavement, defying the world to say or believe that he had cleaned his own boots of unexceptionable make.

The keeping up of appearances is in the main a drollery, prompted by vanity, pride and folly; yet in many cases it is a thing of much pathos, and through its workings are shown some of the most beautiful feelings of our nature. Who can see unmoved the stripling issuing from his widowed mother's door to seek the drudgery of his office, that promises him, ere long, a remuneration that will enable him to place that fond mother in comfort—see his nicely folded collar, white as snow, falling over the scrupulously brushed jacket; and the old silk handkerchief tied on by her careful hand to guard against the early morning cold. In a neat paper packet, he bears his frugal dinner, unknowing that his mother makes her tea do for dinner and all, that she may have a comfortable meal for her darling boy on his return; thus touching on the very verge of starvation that he may keep up appearances.

The clerk of narrow stipend who alone did brilliantly is taken in by appearances, until he finds it impossible to disentangle himself from the enthralments of blue eyes and ringlets, and in that moment, which most men have in their lives, proposes for the fair one to the old people, cunning in keeping up appearances, who accepts him accordingly, and he soon marries a young lady with a very nice voice, and a charming performer on the pianoforte, that is left behind her for her younger sisters to practise upon.

Here begins his struggle to keep up appearances. He must cake and wine his friends, or they would think him as poor as he is. "To be poor and seem so, is the devil," say the old people, and he commits all sorts of follies accordingly. In the course of time the first child is christened—everybody comes. This is about the last scintillation. Common sense comes to the young couple, and they find that they must pull up, or they will soon be unable to keep up appearances at all. Now commences his hard work. Hats will get shabby, clothes will get seedy, boots are not everlasting; yet it wont do for the nattiest man in the office to lose his place in the scale. The young wife struggles, and does without her new silk dress, that he may have a new coat; she cuts and contrives to furbish up last year's bonnet, and with the aid of a new riband, people who are not too prying might really take it for a bonnet just sent home. Her songs and her vanities are all forgotten in her anxiety that they should keep up appearances. If asked to sing, she stumbles for want of practice, and seldom sings except to the baby, who is no great judge.

She follows her husband to the door, on his morning departure, with the brush in her hand to take off the last bit of flue, or have another brush at his hat; and he walks out looking at least five hundred a year, if not more; and no one, to look at him, would think that he was a man likely to tremble at a water-rate, for he keeps up appearances uncommonly well.

Another child is born! His hat must get shabbier, and he has much more difficulty in preparing it for the public gaze. He sighs as he sees the summer approach, which he has hitherto welcomed with pleasure; for he must lay by his cloak, which has been such a good friend to him during the winter, assisting him in every way to circumvent the prying eyes of his friends from discovering that his clothes were worn more than they ought to be, considering his grade in society, which is, if he were not bitten with the general mania, something within three times his income.

The consequence of all this is, that he gets into debt, and in his attempts to appear very respectable he, in reality, becomes not at all so. His quarter's salary, though much increased since his marriage, is bespoke twice over. The baker turns morose, and the butcher savage. He gets nervous and timid, and is afraid of his own knockers, and he undergoes an hourly torture, because he will keep up appearances. He will have a larger house than he wants—he will give wine to his friends when they dine with him, although he mentally calculates the value of each glass as his dear friends swallow it, with the full belief that the more they drink the more he is gratified; for, from appearances, he is well able to afford it.

His wife, although a good one, knocks herself up both mentally and bodily in providing a more profuse dinner than is necessary, because people should think that they were very well off, and sees them to the door, on their departure, with the most reckless flaring of wax candles; when, if any one of the party were to return for his umbrella, he would be greeted by the smell of their rapid extinguishing, which she is sure to perform before the echoes of their footsteps have ceased to sound down the street; whilst her husband is making the bottoms of wine into one bottle to be carefully put by. After a tedious putting away, and the selecting the borrowed from their own, they crawl off to bed, solaced in their fatigue by the hope that they have astonished their friends, and kept up appearances.

An old lady, some years ago, who belonged to a family of some standing, voluntarily banished herself far from the locality where she was known, that she might save part of her stipend to remit to her elder sister, who still lived in the house that the family had occupied in more prosperous times. She paid her regular visits, few and far between, as if she were as rich as ever, which she managed to do by coming by the cheapest conveyance to the nearest posting town, and rattling in from thence to her native place in style. Here, for a short time, she lived in the luxury of keeping up appearances as they used to be, by which she was repaid for all the rest of her time being spent in almost penury. At last her sister died, and she came, in her turn, a lone woman, to reside in the family house. She gave her sister, of course, a splendid funeral, worthy of the family, and invited all the highest of her acquaintances to follow, in honor of her ancient name.

After the interment she left her two old servants to keep house, who were as jealous of her honor as herself, and proceeded to her distant home to settle, as she said, her affairs there, ere she took permanent possession of the family house. She was absent for some months upon this errand, merely to economize after the dreadful expenditure incurred by her sister's funeral.

She returned, however, apparently consoled for her loss, and gave her stiff ceremonious parties exactly as her sister had done before her. Time wore on, and she died, but not before she had provided for appearances, which she did by selling her house and costly furniture to a distant purchaser, that the people immediately adjacent might think he inherited it, and leaving her cottage far away with a small annuity, to the old married couple who had served her family so faithfully. She then devoted the remainder of her effects to her own funeral, which was to be as splendid as the money could provide. Thus, having made preparation to be deposited in the family vault, she died, fully satisfied that she had kept up appearances to the last.

Some fifty years ago, a young man, who found himself the last of his family, with the small remainder of a once splendid fortune, which had been squandered by a few showy generations, until it descended to him in the shape of about six hundred a year, shuddered as he looked at the paltry sum that was to keep him in the fashionable circle to which he was so much attached, and out of which he would have ceased to exist. His carriage must be put down! That admirable conveyance, the envy of his brother beaux. His embroidered coats,

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1847.

TERMS.

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TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

Subscribers who are in arrears, will please send on their dues through the mail, without waiting to be called upon by our collectors.

AGNES, OR THE POSSESSED.

We shall, in our next number, conclude this interesting story. We think something was needed to impress persons generally, and females in particular, with the danger they run by allowing themselves to be needlessly brought under the Mesmeric influence;—and we believe that the publication of this tale of Mr. Arthur's, will be of great benefit in this respect. For, however the use of Mesmerism may be allowable in cases of disease, by practitioners of whose character the friends of the patient are fully satisfied, a point we have not yet determined in our own mind, the tampering with it merely for the gratification of an idle curiosity, is very much to be censured. For though it may be shown that the use of such an influence in certain peculiar diseases, may be productive of good, in the same manner that poisons are often useful as medicines; yet we think it evident, that when applied to persons in health, it creates a morbid susceptibility of the nervous system, which is highly injurious.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENIGMAS, &c., have been received from R. D. McK., C. B. L., a SUBSCRIBER, and W. D. F.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION. Our correspondents J. B., and SARAH, will observe that we already have published the answer to the Arithmetical Question, in our last paper.

One word to our correspondents in general. We sometimes receive pieces that we are puzzled whether to refuse or to accept—such we commonly lay aside for a fresh perusal. If any one, therefore, begins to wonder what has become of his piece, he may imagine it snugly reposing on "the doubtful shelf."

A PET DAY.

To-day, dear reader, is what has been happily called a pet day. The sun shines out after the dull rainy and snowy weather of some time past, with a most enchanting light. The air is bland, and yet sufficiently fresh not to enervate the body and the mind—and the city puts forth its delicate blossoms, in the shape of beautiful young maidens, on its great branches, the side walks.—There, do not think that this is prose run mad, kind reader; or, if you do think so, also think that there is a warm deliciousness in the air, and an azure glory in the sky, enough to put a drop of madness in the veins of youth, and even fire the sober blood of age. Why, on such a day, the most prosaic will grow poetic, and the coldest hearted give you a pleasant smile as you speak and pass in the street, as if he really could not help it. Such days, wreathing over with soft smiles the rugged face of that unkindliest of months, boisterous March, come upon us as something more than our due; something not stipulated for in the contract, and therefore unexpected. Summer days over and above the usual allotment, in order to keep men's spirits up, and prevent them from becoming so frozen and crabbed that it would take a month of clear Sundays to thaw them out again. Or, perhaps, and this is a more plausible supposition, it is to give the ladies the liberty of the streets once more—and enable them to lay up a fresh stock of good humor, sunny smiles, and gentle gaiety; qualities which evaporate in time, if confined within the four walls of a dwelling. See, is it not the poet Young, who says,

"Dames shut up want air,
And spoil like bales unopened to the sun."

Perhaps we have not quoted the passage quite correctly, but if it was more accurate, it might not answer our purpose equally well.

And not only the men, and the women, but the children also, rejoice at such pet days. Rejoice, scarcely knowing why, but with a hearty happiness that cares not to learn from whence it springs. The school girls, those sweet, frolicsome creatures, that are so often spoiled in the process of being made into young ladies, look up into your face so archly as they pass, that you are half tempted to believe they either have seen you before, or else have some mischievous plot against you. As for the boys, they are bears, there is no denying that, but still even they show that they enjoy the day, in a manner to be expected of bear cubs. See, how they toss each other about, knock each other's hats over their eyes, and show in a hundred other similar ways how much they enjoy the sweetest day of the season. Ah, four or five years will pass away, and these rough cubs will, many of them, be shaped out into something resembling monkeys, with little whalebone switches in their hands, and little hats on their heads, and little, very little brains in their skulls. Rather a sorrowful transformation that!

But such thoughts must not be allowed to obtrude in our reminiscences of our pet day. Let us trust that the boys may grow up into fine, active, noble-minded men, and make love right royally, and yet with reverence, to the whilome mischievous school girls, now beautifully expanded into young angels without wings, like rosebuds into roses, or—caterpillars into butterflies. Let us hope all this; and more—let us hope that all future sunny pet days, may be celebrated by the union of some hundred or two of these noble lads and gentle lasses; and that, Providence smiling upon them, they may be able always to look back upon such occasions, with joyful tears in their eyes, as upon the spiritual pet days of their lives.

A LITTLE SUNSHINE.

In recording the sanguinary occurrences of a strife with a people so slenderly gifted, according to most accounts, with noble and honorable emotions as the Mexicans, it is pleasant to light occasionally upon a little incident, which tends to prove, what nations at war with each other are so apt to forget, that our opponents are men and not demons. A letter published recently in the Mobile Advertiser, gives an account of this character. It says that one of the Louisiana Volunteers, who was wrecked on the Ondiaka, and afterwards taken prisoner by the Mexicans, having been left behind from sickness on the forced march to Tampico, was most kindly treated by the party who captured him. He was sent to Lobos, where, however, he subsequently died. His name is not given.

HOUSE SET ON FIRE BY WATER.

A dwelling in one of the Eastern States, was recently set on fire by a glass globe filled with water, containing two small fishes. The globe hung where the rays of the sun fell directly upon it, forming a lens, or "burning glass," and a curtain happening to be in the focus was set on fire. Repeated experiments were afterwards made with the same globe. When filled with water and exposed to the sun, paper placed in the focus was instantly ignited; but when the water was emptied out the effect was not produced.

CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.

We had the pleasure, last Saturday evening, of being one of a numerous audience, collected for the purpose of listening to a lecture by Mr. Giles, upon the character of Falstaff. We say pleasure, although we did not agree with the lecturer in many of his remarks, for it is always instructive to listen to the opinions of an able thinker, even when his conclusions do not correspond with your own. Much of the discourse, however, was of a character that we could unite with,—the closing passages especially, in which the inevitable misery of allowing the soul to be brought under subjection to the senses and the propensities was dwelt upon, were very well conceived and deeply impressive.

Mr. Giles alluded to the common opinion that Falstaff was a glutton, a coward and a boaster, and then gave his reasons for not coinciding with the general judgment. But although his arguments were able and plausible, we were by no means convinced by them. In granting that such was the common opinion, he stated, it seems to us, one of the strongest grounds for believing that Falstaff was not so noble a character as he endeavored to prove him to be—for men are not often deceived in the character of each other, and though they may err in their estimate of the enthusiast or the reformer, there is not much probability of their coming to a wrong conclusion in relation to a character so sensual and selfish, at the best, as Falstaff's.

But to look into the matter a little further; and first, as to the charge of gluttony. In his defence of Falstaff's character upon this point, Mr. Giles did little more than quote the bill found in his pocket, in which there was a charge of two gallons of sack, to only a half pennyworth of bread. This created a laugh, under cover of which the lecturer glided on; but it by no means proved the point in dispute. For there were various other items in the bill, and even if there had not been, a glutton in sack is as much a glutton, as a glutton in more solid food. But it is useless for Mr. Giles to deny Falstaff's gluttony. Falstaff himself, standing out from the canvass, fat and oily as butter, and huge as a man-mountain, is an evidence of the truth of the charge, too weighty and monstrous to be overlooked, or put aside with a breath.

We come now to the charges of cowardice and boasting, which may well go together. The affair at Gadshill is the principal evidence of these—and Mr. Giles endeavors to evade its force, by an ingenious parry. He alleges that Falstaff did not really expect to deceive Poins and Prince Henry, by his falsehood after that occasion; but only intended to escape the keen shafts of their wit, amid their wonder and even admiration at the hugeness and magnificent grossness of his lies. But however ingenious Mr. Giles's argument may be, there are concurrent circumstances recorded, proving conclusively that Falstaff had no idea of the kind; but that he really intended to deceive. Why did he hack his sword, or why make his companions tickle their noses with spear-grass until they bled, and then "beslubber" their garments with the blood? On Mr. Giles's supposition, such a course would be useless. As to the extravagance and inconsistency of his boastings, and the improbability of a man with Falstaff's quickness of wit, being guilty of such monstrous absurdities, our only answer is that the poet has overstepped "the modesty of nature," from his native love of caricature, and for the applause of the "groundlings." And although it may shock Mr. Hudson, and others, who have the profanity to call Shakspeare "the divine man," we have no hesitancy in expressing our opinion that it is not the first, or the hundredth time, that Shakspeare commits such an offence against naturalness and propriety—of which fact it is probable no one was more fully aware than Shakspeare himself. And, if the reader will not object too strongly, we will take the liberty to go out of our way here, (just as John Randolph said he would go out of his, to "kick a sheep,") to express our contempt for the whole tribe of Shakspeare idol-worshippers. And yet we will not yield in *proper* veneration for Shakspeare to any man.

How Mr. Giles made out his answer to the charge of cowardice, we do not fully remember. How he attempted to prove that Falstaff acted like a brave man at Gadshill, or whether he even mentioned the subject, we are not able at present to recollect. But, as we listened very attentively, we are inclined to think that he did not touch the matter at all in this connection. And we are certain, that he did not even quote once, Prince Hal's account of Falstaff's valiant behavior on that occasion, where he and three others were set upon by two. Prince Henry says—

"Mark now, how plain a tale shall set you down. Then did we two set on you four: and, *with a word, out-faced you from your prize*, and have it; and, Falstaff, *you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy,* AND STILL RAN AND ROARED, *as ever I heard bull-calf.* What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say it was in fight!"

Mr. Giles puts aside at once the "Merry Wives of Windsor," on the plea that he no longer recognizes the character of Falstaff in the Falstaff of that play. But, even granting him this greatest of all liberties with the poet, he cannot maintain his position in the face of numerous passages like the above, taken from the other plays in which Falstaff appears; and which conclusively sustain the popular verdict, that Falstaff, with all his wit and power of intellect, was none the less a glutton, a liar, a braggart, and a coward.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

Dumas, the celebrated French novelist, has recently had a difficulty with several of his publishers on account of a non-fulfilment, as they allege, of his contracts. In the course of the trial, he made the following statement of the literary labor he had stipulated to perform.

"By a contract, which was made May 28, 1845, he agreed to furnish the editors of the Constitutionnel with nine volumes of romance; either two romances in four volumes, or four in two volumes, or three romances in three volumes each, the form to be settled by mutual agreement. He had also made agreements to furnish for the *Debats*, the conclusion of Monte Cristo; thirty thousand lines Bragelone, for the *Siecle*, thirty-six thousand lines, Maison Rouge, for the *Democratie* twenty-four thousand lines, for the *Commerce* and with other journals to the amount of one hundred and seventy-five thousand lines.

"'I had,' added Dumas, 'two years in which to write these volumes, at the rate of eighty thousand lines a year. I defy the gentlemen of the French Academy to do as much, and there are forty of them. In fact, gentlemen, I was very busy in fulfilling my engagements with all these journals. I did what no one else does or will do, I kept up the publication of five romances in five different journals.'

"While busied this way, the editor of the Constitutionnel came to Dumas in great distress, and told him that his paper would certainly fail if he could not furnish him with one of his romances to keep it up. Dumas said to him, 'eight days is enough for a volume when one has nothing else to do, but it is impossible when one is carrying on at the same time five romances in as many different papers. I devote all my time at St. Germain to this, I send the manuscript by railroad. My servant is constantly employed in carrying back and forth the proofs. I have followed this trade for three years.'

"Notwithstanding this, he yielded to the urgency of the editor, and turned him out at once a romance of six thousand lines."

This, our readers will acknowledge, is swift work—and what is more to be wondered at, the volumes after they are thus turned out, actually do sell. In fact Dumas, who, by the way, is a *mulatto*, having "a brown complexion and crisped hair," is one of the most popular of the French novelists. Besides this, he is the friend of the Duke de Montpensier, and was singled out to go to Spain to record the incidents of the recent famous Spanish marriage. He says, "I was the only Frenchman, (besides the groom, of course,) present at the private marriage." We have seen a French caricature, in which Dumas is represented fulfilling his contracts, keeping five pens (one for each romance,) going at once. One pen is held between two of the toes of each foot, one in each hand, and one in his mouth, and five forms of various heights are placed before him, upon which he is working with a five brain power. We have, on the other hand, heard it alleged that Dumas has inferior writers in his employ, to whom he dictates the substance of his various plots, and trusts to retouching them a little after they are written out. How true this is, we know not.

We have said that these novels, thus written, are popular; but our readers must remember that it is only in Paris that they are so—and it does not follow that because a writer is very popular in Paris, that his productions are not trash. It is only just, however, to say that we cannot speak positively as to the merits of Dumas' works, never having read any of them.

PROMOTIONS FROM THE RANKS.

It is said that out of a list of Army promotions and appointments, recently made, numbering between three and four hundred, only one is recorded of promotion from the ranks.

If this be the fact, one of two things is very evident—either that no other privates—volunteers or regulars—have acted in such a manner as to deserve promotion, or else that great injustice has been shown towards them.

GEOGRAPHICAL MNEMONICS.

A new method of teaching geography has lately come under our notice, and as it seems to us a real and important assistance to the memory of the student, we will try to give our readers some idea of it. In the first place the book from which lessons are learnt is composed of a series of stories or anecdotes, grouping together the rivers, lakes, towns, &c., that lie near each other. The arbitrary association of names thus impressed upon the memory, though it sounds nonsensical enough to read, is said by those who have tried it, to be a wonderful assistance in recalling the relative position of each place mentioned. There are several other ingenious contrivances of a similar kind, and serving the same purpose, but we can only give a general sketch.

The lesson having been studied, the class are collected in a room so arranged that all can see the large map unrolled at one side, on which the rivers, mountains, boundaries and towns are very distinctly marked, but *without a single name*. The teacher points to a place, leading the way at the same time in a sing-song repetition of the name joined by the whole class. This chorus of voices harmoniously sounding forth each name and place, impresses it upon the memory more strongly than would be supposed by those who have not seen the plan in operation. We had the pleasure, a few days ago, of hearing the performance of a class at the Cherry Street School, (a large school under the superintendence of the Society of Friends,) where the inventor and teacher of this novel mode of instruction, Mr. Naylor, is now giving lessons. It seemed to us as we listened a decided advance in the art of teaching, and one in which scholars have reason to rejoice, as it softens so materially the rigor of study by calling in the important aid of harmonious sound, and thus making an agreeable exercise bring about the same end as tedious and toilsome labor.

It is true that the music of this monotonous concert is not much to be commended in itself, but it seems to answer the purpose admirably, and of course that is sufficient recommendation to those who are interested in facilitating the acquisition of knowledge. We have heard from the young students themselves, who are perhaps the best judges in the case, many an animated testimony of the superiority of this new plan. They have felt the difficulty of acquiring a complete knowledge of geography in the usual way, and the greater difficulty of retaining it; and it delights them to be put in possession so easily of clearer ideas on the subject than they ever had before. As to the permanency of this impression, they argue very plausibly that it must be lasting because so strong and clear.

Time will test more fully the merits of Mr. Naylor's invention, but it seems from what we have seen of it, to deserve the attention of teachers generally, as it promises the attainment of its object with less labor both to themselves and their pupils.

AN ARMY ANECDOTE.

The following conversation is said to have occurred during the crossing of a rapid stream, by the division under General Worth. The crossing was very difficult, and the confusion, owing to the multiplicity of orders, &c., is said to have made the place a perfect Babel. In the midst of the uproar, Major Warren had slipped off to one side among the bushes, to wait till a passage was effected, and the road somewhat cleared. There, however, he discovered an Arkansas volunteer sitting down, from whose clothes the water was still dripping. His head was between his knees, and he was deeply soliloquizing—

"Well," said he, "if this is war, I ain't in no more."

"What is the matter?" inquired the Major.

"Why," answered the Rackensacker, "I was standing on the bank up there, with my hands in my pockets, thinking I might as well take it easy, as I didn't own any of them wagons, when along comes the General, and shouted out—'what are you doing there on the bank, you lazy fellow? Why don't you jump in and help that wagoner?' Without taking time to take a chew of tobacco, I pitched in like a frog and seized hold of the wagon and worked as hard as if I had been at a gander-pulling. And was still at it, a giving of orders equal to the best of them, when here comes a General's Aidercong and screamed out—'What the d—l are you doing there in the way?' With that I leaped out of the river like a water dog. Now you see, stranger, I came here to fight them Mexicans, and not to make a mule of myself to haul wagons—and I say agin, if this is war, I ain't in no more."

THE FRENCH PRISONS.

A long letter recently appeared in the Boston Daily Advertiser, from George Sumner, who is now in Paris, to Josiah Quincy, Jr., treating of prison discipline in France. The following account of the treatment of the prisoners in the *maisons d'arret*, which correspond to our houses of detention, is worthy the attention of those who take an interest in that important question, the melioration of prison discipline. We consider the treatment of prisoners, as one of the tests of the intellectual and moral advancement of a country—

"During the day he receives at least seven different visits, viz:—those of the Directors, the Chaplain, the Teacher, the Surgeon, the member of the Visiting Committee whose turn it may be, the Keeper, and of the person who inspects his labor. During at least one hour in the day, he takes exercise in the open air, in one of a series of courts, many of which are planted with flowers and freshened by fountains. A small library is attached to each prison. Those who are in custody only, can have as many books as they choose, and if they see fit to work, an account is kept of their labor, and its proceeds paid over to them. For those who are undergoing imprisonment as the penalty of crime, only one hour a day is allowed for reading, and their labor is compulsory, one-third however of its profits is given to them as an encouragement to activity. Every Sunday there is religious worship in which all the prisoners join, without seeing one another."

MEXICAN MODE OF RAISING FUNDS.

The Washington Union contains the following information as to the novel way our Mexican neighbors have adopted of raising funds to carry on the war. It says that the Monitor of the city of Mexico, of the 25th of January, has an article with the following title "EXTRAORDINARY BULL FIGHT TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE NATIONAL WAR." The article says that the fight was given by the regiment of Hidalgo. After describing the procession to the arena, and the appearance of the spectators, it goes on to state that—

"The first bull was then let loose, and in the centre an effigy of a North American was presented to him, in order that it might be attacked, but it was saved for the second bull, when three more similar effigies were added, which, during the fight, were attacked one by one, and being provided with powder and other combustibles, they were set on fire and formed artificial fireworks, which excited universal acclamations."

These "*effigies*" of North Americans are rather easier to manage than the North Americans themselves.

CATHOLICISM IN HAYTI.

The editor of the Christian Reflector, in a letter to that journal, gives the following information relative to the privileges of the Catholic Church in Hayti. It will be news to American readers generally—

"The Haytien Catholics refuse any allegiance whatever to the Pope of Rome. They regard the Papal authority as opposed to their national and civil liberty; and, in consistency with their republican principles, they allow of no arch bishops, bishops, deans, or other church dignitaries, save the single order of priests; and of the appointing or deposing of these the *President* claims the right and power. The Roman Catholic religion is, therefore, not only recognized by the government as the state religion, but is subject to legislative regulations and executive authority. Protestantism has thus one decided advantage over Romanism, for entire toleration is granted; and with the internal regulations of Protestant churches, and the conduct of their ministers, there is no government interference."

TO AMERICAN WRITERS.

The Boston Chronotype says that by the time "an American sermon or magazine has reached its destination in England, Ireland, or Scotland, it has accumulated an amount of postage which is pretty sure to cause its rejection. Indeed, about all intelligent people in that country, who are in a way to receive anything of the sort from America, have given their servants directions never to take in anything American." The only way, therefore, to send such things is by private conveyance.

BLACKSMITHS' WORK.

The Germantown Telegraph says—

"A horse shoe has been exhibited to us by Edward Rinker, of this borough, which was made by him, assisted by Thomas Arthur, from the rough, complete, steel toed and corked, at *one heat!* The work is well done, and was executed at the shop of Mr. Derr, Mount-Airy. In addition to this, it was fitted to a horse's hoof—all with one heat. It will puzzle the iron craft to beat this."

COLONEL CUMMING.

In noticing, last week, the declination by Colonel Cumming of Georgia, of the appointment of Major General, we inadvertently printed it Colonel Cushing.

BEAUTIES OF SCOTT.

We copy the following "poem" from the original columns of "Scott's Weekly Paper," of this city. It certainly is very *affecting*—it almost makes the tears come to one's eyes to read it; it touches one—just under the ribs. We judge from this specimen that Mr. Scott must have a most uncommon taste in poetry. The first verse, all through, is a perfect gem; and the rhymes in the second is truly *original*, "*stranger*" and "*creature*." Taken altogether, we think Mr. Scott has reason to be proud of his contributors.

[Written for Scott's Philadelphia Weekly Paper.]

LINES TO MISS E. M.

Your friendship and acquaintance have been
An inestimable treasure;
But few girls I ever have seen,
Whose company gave me so much pleasure.

Your love is pure, ardent just and true;
Your heart—to deceit's a *stranger*:
Your beauty, innocence and truth
Make you a lovely and loving *creature*.

Though cruel fate may bid me wonder
Though far from thee my home may be,
Still my fond heart will remember
The many happy hours I've spent with thee.

JEF. STUDENT.

SHAKER INCONSISTENCY.

While we are pleased to record that the Shakers of New Lebanon have forwarded to the Relief Committee of New York $700 worth of clothing, consisting of sattinet, stockings, socks, coats, vests, pants, children's clothing, &c., we are compelled to express our surprise at such inconsistent conduct on the part of that rigid sect. This world, according to Shaker doctrine, is such a bad place, that the sooner it is depopulated the better; and therefore they proscribe marriage as a most sinful institution—a kind of invention of the enemy to procure more souls to torment. Now it seems to us that the famine in Ireland is a most capital auxiliary to their grand scheme of depopulating the earth—and when, in connection with this fact, the well known truth that the Irish are the greatest marrying people in Europe, is taken into consideration, we can but express our astonishment at the sacrifice of principle to benevolence on the part of our Shaker friends. It is a yielding to the flesh that we had not expected from them.

SHAMEFUL LAW.

It is stated in the New York Express, that a woman who recently aided a prisoner to escape from jail in St. Lawrence county, was brought to that city on Friday week, in order to be sent to the State Prison at Sing Sing. The woman was not insane or uproarious, and yet she was placed in the city prison with *sixty* pounds of iron chain upon her body. Such, it is stated, is the law of New York. If it be so, let it be amended as soon as possible. *Sixty pounds of iron chain* hung upon the delicate limbs of a woman for the offence (?) of aiding a prisoner (a husband or a brother, perhaps,) to escape. Tell it not to Mrs. Maury, or she will not only excuse, but justify it, in her forthcoming work upon this country.

Editorial Varieties.

INHALATION OF ETHER.

The following is a detailed account of one of the surgical operations in London, related in last week's paper—

"The patient was a middle-aged Irishman, who had sustained compound fracture of the leg nine weeks before. The fracture had not united, in consequence of the presence of a dead piece of bone, and it became necessary to remove this by a painful operation. At first little effect was produced, but after some minutes the patient fell backwards, as if in a swoon. The operator was then about to proceed; but the man immediately objected, saying that he was not asleep, and that he trusted nothing would be done till he was asleep. For full twenty minutes more the inhalation went on; the man continued talkative, but wide awake, and occasionally expressing very emphatically his conviction that 'it would not do.' At length, however, while in this wakeful state, the operation was begun. Only during the clipping of the bone with strong straining pliers did any sign of feeling escape from the patient, who was busy inhaling all the while, and now and then protesting that 'it wouldn't do.' The operation occupied about ten minutes, and, from the highly sensitive nature of the parts implicated, must have been attended with excruciating suffering under ordinary circumstances. After it was over, the professor said to the patient, 'I suppose you won't let me operate to-day.' 'Certainly not,' said the patient; 'it won't do; I must be asleep. The thing hasn't succeeded with me, and I am sure it can't succeed with any one else, for I did everything I could to get asleep for my own sake, and I'd do anything to please you.' 'You won't even let me make a cut into the leg?' 'No, I must be asleep; we can try it another time.' This plain proof of his utter unconsciousness of the operation having been performed was acknowledged by the spectators in a hearty round of applause. The patient then sat up, and seeing the wound, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, saying, 'No doubt there's blood or something very like it; but I haven't felt a single thing done to my leg. That *bates* the globe;' and, on being asked decidedly as to his having felt anything, he repeatedly answered, 'Not a ha'porth.' He got into amazing spirits, and refused to leave the table until told 'all about the toldrums of the business.'"

COLONEL CUSHING.

The Washington correspondent of the Public Ledger, gives the following enrapturing description of Colonel Cushing, of Massachusetts. If he is as "terribly taking" among the Mexicans as he is represented to be among the ladies at Washington, he will be a valuable auxiliary to the American forces—

"The Colonel never looked more blooming, and I may say handsome, than now, with a modest, yet elegantly trimmed moustache, and a plain, anything but dandified, uniform, in which there is enough room for the free play of his manly proportions. The sight of that extraordinary literate, orator, statesman and diplomate in regimentals, bent on chivalrous deeds, created no small sensation here, where the Colonel, during his short stay, was decidedly a lion. A lady begged him, jestingly, to have a care not to be 'lassoed' in Mexico. 'Ah, it may be *lass oed*,' replied the widower Colonel, and the conversation dropped."

"Elegantly trimmed moustache," "free play of his manly proportions," "bent on chivalrous deeds," "widower Colonel,"—such a description, with the accompanying anecdote, inclines us to believe that the Administration has a deep laid plan on foot to seduce the hearts of the Mexican women from their allegiance to their country, and enlist their soft but potent voices in behalf of a speedy peace with "the countrymen of the captivating Cushing."

LONDON PARKS.

A letter from London, in the U. S. Gazette, gives the following statement of the sizes of the great London Parks—

"London contains eighty open squares, the smallest as large as the State House (Independence) Square, and many of greater size, all highly improved, with handsome iron railings. Hyde Park contains three hundred and ninety-five acres, Kensington Gardens adjoin it, and are also open to the public; they contain two hundred acres, so that six hundred acres are for a promenade in the heart of a great city. Regent's Park contains four hundred and fifty acres. In Regent's Park many elegant houses are built, and being detached, have the appearance of country residences."

The writer also gives a description of a private residence she visited, belonging not to a nobleman, but to a *Mr. J. Holford*, upon which "splendid establishment some $70,000 are yearly expended." Can it be wondered at, in view of such facts that people are daily dying in England of starvation? It makes us think of the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus.

THE THREE MILLION BILL.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce makes the following statement. What ground, however, there is for this and various other predictions of a speedy peace, it puzzles us even to imagine:

"The Mississippi, which sailed on the 7th, carried out, as I now learn, full instructions from our Government to the able and intelligent United States Consul in the city of Mexico, Mr. Black, who is still employed there as a means of communication between the two Governments.

"Mr. Black will enunciate the Three Million Bill, which conveys on its face to the Mexican Government the expression of a desire, on the part of the American Congress, to obtain 'a speedy and honorable peace' with Mexico. The Mississippi may possibly arrive at Vera Cruz, if the equinoctial gales do not interrupt her, by the 20th of March. It strikes me that, very possibly, preliminaries for a treaty of peace will be settled before the intended assault upon Vera Cruz and the castle. That was the opinion expressed by Mr. Soule before he left the city."

IMPURE WATER.

The Bostonians are very much dissatisfied with the Jamaica Aqueduct water, recently introduced into their city. They say that it is muddy, greasy and sticky, and, still worse, has an offensive, fishy smell, as if thousands of the fish in the pond were dying daily of disease, and rotting to pieces in the water. A committee who were appointed to examine into the condition of the pond, were unable to solve the riddle. It is causing great and reasonable excitement in that city.

LIVE FEATHERS.

The editor of the Boston Bee tells a good story of his peregrinations "down South." He was a young lawyer, in attendance upon Court, and the village where the Court was held, was thronged to overflowing. Having with some difficulty, however, procured a bed, he jumped into it—but he was out again almost in "no time."

"'What kind of a bed do you call this?' said he, to the negro who officiated as master of ceremonies.

"'Feather bed, massa.'

"'Feathers ———?' (I fear I used too warm an expression, but I don't remember what it was,) 'I should think it contained *entire chickens!*'

"'Can't be dat dar are fifty doll'r nigger, Sam, trow de chick'n in?'—murmured the waiter, dubiously, as he proceeded to insinuate his hand into the coarse bagging tick. 'Squash if he habn't, tho!' said he, as he drew forth a partly-plucked rooster. 'I tole de stupid jack-behind dis morn, when he was a featherin' de chick'ns for dinner, to empty de feathers in de fuss class beds to 'prove de kerwality; and de ole blind bat oberlook de chick'n! In de hurry ob business, massa,' he continued, in an apologetic tone, 'does here little accidume can't alwis be avided. We hab a dozen niggers trimmin' chick'ns all de time, and 'casionally a foot, or a head am oberlooked in de fedders when we puts um way in de beds, but dis 'ere are de fust time I eber found a hull chick'n!'"

PROFITS OF AUTHORS.

An English correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer gives the following examples of the profits of Authordom in Great Britain. Of course in the case of Dickens, and one or two other popular authors of Fictions, the profits are vastly greater. His statement applies, we suppose, only to the regular compensation of first class writers.

"I venture to say, that Fisher Murry, one of the most esteemed of the English magazine writers, does not make £300 a year, by his literary labors. I am told that Carlyle's income from his writings does not exceed £500 per annum;—yet he works eight or nine hours a day;—and the productions of his pen are read wherever the English language is understood."

A noted Dancer will make as much in a week with her legs, as Carlyle does in a year with his brains. How flattering is the statement to the intelligence of England. And yet the disproportion is, we suppose, equally great, if not greater, in this country.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

We learn from the New York Sun, that the Post Office Law, charging three cents postage "prepaid" on every "transient" newspaper, is not construed to apply to those cases where a person purchases, or in other words, subscribes for, a *single* number of a paper, at the office of publication. In such a case such person shall be deemed to have made his friend or acquaintance a regular subscriber to said newspaper, and the publisher shall have the right to forward all such papers *at the old rates of postage*. Our readers will thus perceive that there is a great deal of difference in this case between tweedle-dum (*dumb?*) and tweedle dee, and be careful to act accordingly.

LEGISLATIVE DIGNITY.

A Boston paper relates the following, which is said to have recently occurred at one of the principal hotels in that city. It is capital—

Several members of the House of Representatives were seated at the dining table, (feeling rather dignified, we suppose,) when one of them said, "Will the gentleman from ANDOVER please pass the butter this way?" Pretty soon another spoke, "Will the *gentleman* from WORCESTER please pass the salt this way?" when one of our city wags, taking the *hint*, turned round to the *black waiter* and said *distinctly*, "Will the *gentleman* from AFRICA please pass the bread this way?"

COMPLIMENTARY.

The "Northern Democrat," published at Montrose, Pennsylvania, contains the following paragraph, for which we make our best bow to its editor.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY POST.—This excellent Literary and News paper continues to greet us with its weekly visits, and is always welcome. In our judgment, the Post is unrivalled by any similar publication in the country. Of mammoth size, its columns are always graced with *pure* Literature and the cream of the news of the day.

TOUGH ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.

A lecturer upon Switzerland stated recently, "that in descending the Glaciers it was not unusual for the guides to slide upon their backs for a half mile or more at a very swift rate, and thus to *shoot over chasms of twenty-five and thirty feet*, beneath which yawned gulfs of 500 feet depth."

Either this is a tough story, or the guides spoken of, have very tough hides.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

The following sentiment was recently given at the Anniversary dinner of a Society of Welchmen, in New York. As one of our Philadelphia poets told us recently in relation to a certain poem of his, "it is supposed to be very fine."

"By Mr. Wm. Roberts—Coffadwriaeth y diweddar Earrd anrhydedus. Dahiel ddu o Geredigton Ei weithiau barddonol a tawrygir tra Crymn, Cymro a Chymraeg."

RUMORS.

We see it stated that Gen. Pierce, of New Hampshire, will be appointed Major General in place of Mr. Benton—Col. Cushing to be appointed a Brigadier in the place of Gen. P., promoted. Rumor has not told us who is to succeed Major General Cumming, who it is said is not *going*. A hard pun that, but the best we had on hand.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

The Boston Bee, in quoting a reported saying of Mr. Benton's, that "*aut Cæsar aut nullus*," was his motto, gives the following rather liberal but expressive translation of that famous old saying—*The biggest toad in the puddle,* AND NOTHIN' ELSE.

New Publications.

THE CASTLE OF EHRENSTEIN; ITS LORDS TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL; ITS INHABITANTS EARTHLY AND UNEARTHLY. *By G. P. R. James, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers.* Another novel by that wonderfully prolific writer, G. P. R. James. It opens with, "It was an awfully dark and tempestuous night; the wind howled in fury through the trees and round the towers &c., &c., &c. In the midst of this storm, and toward one o'clock in the morning, a young man, of about one-and-twenty years of age, took his way silently and with a stealthy step, through the large old halls and long passages of the Castle of Ehrenstein. His dress, &c., &c., &c." Skipping now to the last page, we find that "Bertha made a very good and joyous wife, retaining just sufficient of the *playful malice* of her youth, to keep the waters of existence from stagnating; and Ferdinand and Adelaide of Ehrenstein went on to the end with the same bond of love, &c., &c., &c." Having thus given our readers a short summary of its contents, we would refer those who wish to know more of it, to *Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston*, who will furnish them with the whole work for 25 cents.

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The April number of this periodical is embellished with an engraving of the "Children in the Wood," and a Fashion Plate. The former is quite a pretty picture, in illustration of the beautiful and well known ballad with that title. The editor states that the ballad was evidently composed to excite the sympathies of the English people in behalf of the two sons of Edward the Fourth, treacherously murdered by their uncle, Richard the Third. This seems to us a very probable surmise. Among the contributors to this number of the "National," we notice the names of Mrs. Anne P. Dinnies, Mrs. Eames, Miss Hunter, Henry Morford, C. J. Peterson, S. D. Patterson, T. Hempstead, &c., &c. Miss Mary Davenant has a well written story, with a good moral, called "The Ambitious Wife;" and Mrs. Stephens continues "The Lady Mary."

THE BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUM. We have received the twenty sixth Annual Report of the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane. The report, which was drawn up by Pliny Earle, M. D., is an interesting and valuable document. The treatment pursued at this institution, seems to be of the mildest kind, and is as natural, very successful. During the year, two hundred and fifty patients have enjoyed the benefits of the institution, fifty-four of whom were discharged cured, and fifteen much improved. The report inculcates the duty of placing those afflicted with mental disorders under proper treatment, in the *early* stages of their disease. Attached to the report are valuable meteorological and other statistics.

A SCHOOL GRAMMAR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE. *By C. G. Zumpt, Professor in the University, and Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin. Translated, and adapted to the use of the High School of Edinburgh, by Leonard Schmitz, Rector. Corrected and enlarged by Charles Anthon, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.* We have given the title of the above work in full, as fully explanatory of its origin, and indicative of its character. *It is for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, corner of Fourth and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.*

COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE. The Columbian for April is embellished with two very pretty plates—the "Procession to the Christening," and "New York from Weehawken." There is also a Fashion Plate, which is tolerable. The literary matter is by Mrs. C. H. Butler, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Ellet, &c., &c. From the glance which is all we have been able as yet to give this number, we think it is a very good one. The Philadelphia Agent is *T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. *Zieber & Co.* have received No. 146 of this periodical.

AGRICULTURAL WORKS. *T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut street*, has received the March number of the "AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST," a monthly periodical, published by the *Harpers*—price one dollar per year.

The March number of the "FARMERS' CABINET," an excellent work published in this city, is also issued. *Josiah Tatum, No 50 North Fourth street*, is editor and proprietor. *Price one dollar a year.*

THE CULTIVATOR. The March number of this excellent Agricultural publication, is a very interesting one. It contains numerous wood cuts in illustration of various articles, and is richly worth its cost to the farmer. It is published by *Luther Tucker, Albany, N. Y. Price one dollar per annum.*

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE. *Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston* have received Nos. 135 and 136 of this admirable edition of Shakspeare's Plays.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

IMPORTANT FROM SALTILLO.

REPORTED BATTLE BETWEEN GEN. TAYLOR AND SANTA ANNA.

The New Orleans papers are filled with rumors, letters from Matamoras, &c., relative to a great battle reported to have been fought at Saltillo, or thereabouts, upon the 22d and 23d of February, between General Taylor and Santa Anna. The accounts state that Santa Anna advanced upon Gen. Taylor at Agua Neuva, some thirty miles beyond Saltillo, and summoned him to surrender upon pain of being "cut to pieces"—to which Taylor replied, in the old Spartan phrase, "come and take me." The battle then commenced; the Mexicans numbering about twenty thousand, and Taylor's forces about six thousand. Unable to hold his ground against such overwhelming numbers, Taylor is said to have retreated to a strong position at a mill-pond in the neighborhood of, and still covering, Saltillo.

Another account, however, states that the Americans fell back to Saltillo, with the loss of six pieces of artillery; that the battle was then continued in the streets of that town; and finally, that Taylor was forced to retreat to a very strong pass, called the Rinconada Pass, between Saltillo and Monterey, where he ultimately succeeded in repulsing the enemy. In these engagements the Mexicans are said to have lost four thousand five hundred men, and the Americans two thousand.

Which of the above accounts is true and which false, or whether either is true, is of course yet doubtful. The probability is, however, that a battle has been fought, and that the Americans have been compelled to give ground before the overwhelming numbers of the Mexicans. How far, however, they have been forced to retreat, it is useless to conjecture.

While this direct attack has been making upon Taylor a large body of Mexican cavalry, under Urrea, numbering four or five thousand, are believed to have penetrated through the Victoria pass, and to have thus gotten into the rear of the main body of the Americans, in the road between Camargo and Monterey. This force, it is supposed, will endeavor to take possession of Camargo, Matamoras and the Brazos St. Jago; and ultimately fall back and join in the investment of Taylor at Monterey, if Santa Anna should succeed in driving him to that place. Camargo, Matamoras and the Brazos St. Jago, are, we believe, places of comparatively little strength; but Monterey, as our volunteers know from experience, is nearly impregnable in the hands of the right kind of troops.

A number of baggage wagons have already been captured by the Mexicans on the route from Camargo to Monterey; and orders have been given that not less than a regiment shall attempt to force a passage. This, however, is of comparatively little consequence, as there are already provisions in Monterey for some two to three months.

The whole valley of the Rio Grande is represented to be in a most critical state. The Mexican citizens are abandoning their homes in crowds, and Matamoras and Camargo are stripped of native inhabitants, who dread the approach of their own army more than the presence of ours.

It is said that Gen. Taylor has despatched a courier to Gen. Scott, asking for reinforcements, but this we consider extremely doubtful.

P. S. Since writing the above, one day's later news has been received from the Brazos. It seems to confirm the previous reports, but in the present situation of things, all regular communication being arrested between Camargo and Monterey, nothing is probably known with certainty:—

On the 7th an express arrived at the Brazos from the mouth of the Rio Grande, stating that an armed force of the enemy were marching from San Fernando to attack that place, with a battery of two six pounders. The enemy were 1,800 strong, under the command of Canales. There not being a musket at the mouth, arms and ammunition were immediately sent round, accompanied by Major Thomas.

News had reached the Brazos that Gen. Taylor had made good his retreat to Monterey with the loss of six pieces of artillery at Rinconada Pass. Nothing was known of the loss on either side. No doubt was entertained that General Taylor can sustain himself as long as his supplies last, but it is beyond dispute that all communication with him is now cut off.

The number of the enemy is said to be overwhelming and commanded by Santa Anna in person. The enemy is said to be in considerable force about Matamoras, and an attack was hourly expected. The Matamoras Flag calls on all citizens to take up arms, and aid in Matamoras's defence. The rumors were numerous, and nothing can be said with certainty, except that General Taylor, having been deprived of the force necessary to defend the country he had taken possession of, it will now fall into the hands of the enemy—temporarily, at least.

Gen. Taylor has made requisitions on Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, for ten regiments, to proceed forthwith to the Rio Grande. The New Orleans Bulletin says that the quota for Louisiana is two regiments of infantry, which would leave immediately.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

Col. Morgan of the Ohio regiment, with three companies of the same, is supposed to have been taken on his march from Ceralvo to Monterey. Captain Irvin, (supposed to be Col. Irvin of the Ohio regiment,) has also been taken, with a small command of volunteers. [It has been suggested to us that this gentleman may be Capt. Irvin of the Quartermaster's Department, on his way to Monterey, whither he was recently ordered.]

Six companies of the Virginia regiment have passed through Matamoras and gone up to Camargo. The other six companies of the regiment are now at sea on their way to the seat of war.

Gen. Taylor has called for all the troops that can be spared from below. The 2d and 3d Ohio, and 1st Indiana regiments, are to proceed, immediately upon the arrival of the new volunteer regiments, to Monterey, the latter to relieve the former. All vigilance is required of commanders of regiments in the march from Camargo, and wagons to be packed at night to guard against the enemy.

Gen. Marshall had set out from Monterey with a large escort, carrying forty wagons of ammunition and two eighteen pounders. A letter from that place dated Feb. 22, says "Gen. Marshall, who started from here yesterday for Saltillo, received orders to stop half way, at the Rinconada Pass, and fortify."

Another letter from Monterey, says:—

"Five thousand cavalry are reported to be fifty miles distant from the city, on the road toward Victoria, coming this way. We are on the look out for their appearance, and should they come, you will hear of our boys opening the fandango in gallant style; for they are anxious to be placed once more in motion. We have here the 1st Regiment of Ohio Volunteers and 1st Regiment Kentucky, and about one company Kentucky Cavalry—no Regulars.

"In the event of Gen. Taylor being driven back on Monterey, it is understood that all the forces will retire into the Black Fort, from which position we will have command of the town. Provisions, ammunition, wood, &c., are being sent to the fort in great abundance—in fact, all Government property has been removed there. If the enemy come to Monterey in force, the city must fall into their hands, for the present force cannot hold it. From the Black Fort, with our heavy pieces of artillery, we can batter the city down, or at least make the enemy's quarters so hot for them as to compel them to soon evacuate it.

"The Mexican population of Monterey are very much alarmed, and are moving from this place; the merchants, too, are moving off, I suppose, into the interior. They fear Santa Anna's appearance. The intelligence of a hard-fought battle in the neighborhood of Saltillo, is hourly expected here."

Accounts from the Brazos state that an express had reached that place, bringing information that a Mexican force had passed Matamoras, on the opposite side of the river. He could not learn the number of the enemy, nor the name of the commander. The whole of the troops that were on board the vessels off Brazos, *en route* to the Island of Lobos, were disembarked, to act according to circumstances.

A train of one hundred and twenty wagons, which left Camargo on the 16th of February, with provisions and clothing, is said to have been attacked on the 24th near Ramos, and with its entire escort captured. The report was brought by the mule drivers who escaped.

Many outrages and murders, continue to be perpetrated in the vicinity of Matamoras. The body of a man, name unknown, apparently an American, was lately found a short distance below Fort Brown. The fragment of a lasso was around his neck and he had nine knife wounds in his body.

A young Mexican was arrested on the 3d inst., supposed to have been a spy. He endeavored to make his escape from his captors, was fired upon and killed. He had previously borne a good character, and the Flag fears he was unjustly suspected.

A number of rancheros under Carabajal, are engaged in levying a tax on all goods brought into and carried out of Matamoras by traders. Carabajal, with his bandit rancheros, has established a cordon of posts for thirty miles around Matamoras, and in the absence of Customhouse buildings, holds his revenue court under some convenient tree. Such is his audacity, that on the 15th ult. he slept with his command of one hundred men, at Puerto Verdes, only one league from Matamoras, awaiting a stock of goods supposed to be coming from the Boca del Rio, by way of Burita. The commanding officer at Matamoras has no cavalry at his disposal, and this Carabajal is perfectly aware of, and can levy his contributions with impunity, even within a mile of the city.

FROM MEXICO.

OVERTURES REFUSED—SANTA ANNA'S FORCES, MIDSHIPMAN ROGERS, &c.

The New Orleans papers of the 9th and 10th contain the following accounts of the rejection of the new overtures of the United States, by the Mexican Government.

By a despatch from the commandant of Vera Cruz, dated the 9th of February, we learn that on that day Senor D. Alejandro Jose Atocha landed at Vera Cruz under a flag of truce from the American squadron, with despatches from the Government of the United States, which he was charged to deliver in person to the Mexican Government.

It appears that Senor Atocha, went over to Vera Cruz on the Forward, from this city, direct. He reached there on the 9th ult., and proceeded immediately to Mexico. He returned from the capital on the 26th ult., and repaired again immediately on board the Forward, and is now, we presume, on his way to Washington. It is not supposed he has accomplished much by his mission. The Mexicans had personal objections to him, and his reception by the authorities of Vera Cruz, and the people and government of Mexico, was any thing but cordial.

A correspondent of the Picayune writes, from the U. S. Squadron, as follows:—

The Vera Cruz papers state that our Government have proposed to Mexico an indemnity of twenty millions for the line of the 26th parallel from the mouth of the Rio del Norte to the Pacific. It is understood that Mr. Atocha's remarks have confirmed this statement so far as this, that fifteen millions are offered for the above mentioned boundary line, the United States waiving all claims on Mexico, and assuming the indemnities due her citizens.

There is a story that ten thousand men are to be kept on the frontier to prevent smuggling. These reports are regarded among us with a great deal of incredulity.

Personally, Senor Atocha appears to have been the most unacceptable person we could have sent to Mexico. His reception at Vera Cruz was anything but flattering. He landed at Vera Cruz on the 9th (I believe) and reached Mexico, according to the papers, on the 13th. The next day he was ordered to leave the capital for a hacienda near Jalapa, there to await the response of the Government.

It is rumored that his proposals have been despatched to Santa Anna. Judging from the tone of the newspapers, I should suppose that they would be rejected with disdain. One print declares that it is the greatest insult which has yet been offered to Mexico; another asks how long Mexico will permit herself to be set at nought. The odium in which Senor Atocha is held, has apparently prejudiced the proposals, whatever they may be.

The people of Vera Cruz have turned out *en masse* to clear away the sand embanked against the walls of the city on the northern and western sides, and to dig a ditch. The women and children were actively engaged in carrying away the sand.

It has been reported that Santa Anna has remitted $75,000 of his own funds to Vera Cruz to aid the garrison of that place.

Our readers will learn with regret that Passed Midshipman Rogers has been ordered to Perote, and that he is now confined in that gloomy prison.

A letter is published in *El Republicano* announcing that Gen. Santa Anna took his departure from San Luis on the 2d of February. His destination is said to be Monterey, towards which point the main body of his army had already moved. The number of his troops is stated to be 21,000, with twenty-two pieces of artillery. In the above enumeration are not included the force stationed at Tula, nor the brigades of Generals Minion and Juvera. The Mexican army is said to be in a very destitute condition.

LETTER FROM MAJOR GAINES.

A letter has been received in New Orleans from Major Gaines, dated at San Luis on the 10th ultimo, giving an account of the capture of his and Major Borland's parties by the Mexicans. The account agrees in all material points with that we have already published. He says—

We had sixty-six men and six officers, with about twenty rounds of ammunition each—no water, no bread, no meat. They said they had 3,000 men present, and the demonstrations around us left but little room to doubt its truth substantially. The result of our deliberation was, that we would hear a proposition from them, in answer to which they proposed to send in an officer of equal rank with myself, whilst I repaired to their camp. This being done, I rode out, received the propositions of the general, returned, and stated them to our officers, who agreed to them; again returned to the general, and about 11 o'clock we surrendered as prisoners of war—the terms being that we were entitled to the most liberal and extended privileges to which prisoners under any circumstances are entitled.

Notwithstanding the great disparity of numbers—about forty-four to one—our men exhibited a thirst for the fight truly astonishing. If there was a single individual who felt the slightest disinclination to the conflict, it could not be detected, and many, very many, actually shed tears at the necessity of a surrender. To have allowed them to fight under the circumstances, would have subjected them to inevitable destruction, without rendering any valuable services to their country. Whatever may be thought of this misfortune by our countrymen, all we ask is, that they will be slow in passing censures until they can hear from us more in detail.

On their route to San Luis, he says—"We met the renowned General Santa Anna, in a large clumsy carriage drawn by eight mules, two behind, two in front and four in the centre. I had a short conference with him, in which, after asking me a few questions concerning our army and generals, and the purpose of my expedition to Incarnacion, he gave me assurances of good treatment whilst prisoners, told us we would be sent from this to the city of Mexico, and he hoped shortly to our own country. His appearance made a favorable impression on our officers and men."

To Major General Gaines's letter is appended the following postscript without a signature, and written by another hand.

Major Gaines and party (97) left for the Capitol on the 15th of February, the officers were supplied with horses for the road, and will doubtless be allowed their parole on arrival.

FROM LOBOS AND TAMPICO.

All the troops which were at Lobos had gone on board ship, with the exception mentioned below. There were nearly eighty sail of vessels of all descriptions lying there, but they were to sail for Anton Lizardo on the 3d inst. They fully believed they were to attack Vera Cruz on the 10th. They were all alacrity and eager for the fray.

The only troops left at Lobos were the companies on board the ship on which the small pox had appeared—our correspondent thinks, the ship Gen. Veazie.

Gen. Worth arrived at Lobos in the Edith on the 1st inst., from Brazos. Gen. Twiggs arrived there two or three days previous.

Gen. Patterson was still at Tampico on the 3d inst. The steamship New Orleans, arrived there on the morning of that day with General Jesup on board.

The Louisiana volunteers who were at Lobos have arrived at Tampico in the ship Archelaus. With their companions wrecked on the Ondiaka they are to garrison Tampico.

There were two transport brigs at Tampico on the 3d. The brig Ann Still sailed the same day for this port with discharged volunteers.

The Mississippi volunteers who were at Lobos (part of 2d Regiment) had sailed for Brazos. They are ordered to Monterey. Our informant thinks they sailed on the ship Ocean. They have suffered terribly from sickness, and are said to look miserably. The Louisiana Regiment, to, is said to have suffered much from sickness. On the other hand, the Pennsylvania and New York Regiments are said to be as healthy looking a body of men as ever were seen.

The steamship Alabama sailed from Tampico on the 2d inst., for Anton Lizardo, via Lobos. The U. S. sloop of war St. Mary's was still at Lobos on the 1st.

The general depot established at Lobos is broken up. Nothing is to be left there but the few companies before alluded to.

VERA CRUZ.

A late letter from our squadron to the New Orleans Picayune, says:—

The authorities are busy in issuing proclamations announcing the threatened attack, and issuing some preventive orders, among the most unpalatable of which is one forbidding the masquerade at the carnival. There are many, who regard the threatened invasion with incredulity. There are five thousand men in the city of Vera Cruz and one thousand in the castle—three thousand of these belong to the National Guard, and are tolerably well disciplined and supplied with arms. The National Guard of the State is, on the contrary, not organized, and is destitute of arms.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The National Intelligencer, of Saturday, contains a letter from a gentleman in California, dated San Diego Head Quarters, Nov. 26th, which says the Americans were preparing to retake the city of the Angels, distance one hundred and twenty miles. He says:—

The number of our enemies has increased since I last wrote you, if we can judge correctly from appearances; but whether they have really sufficient courage to give us fair fight in the field is yet to be ascertained. Should their bravery prove equal to their treachery we should have fearful foes to contend with. A want of proper management has defeated some of the Commodore's well-digested plans for securing this territory to the United States.

The Californians, since I last wrote, have placed themselves under the command of Gen. Flores, a Mexican officer whom we had taken prisoner with a number of other officers of Castro's army, all of whom were placed on a parole of honor, and by their atrocious conduct have again taken the field and forced into their service hundreds who perhaps preferred remaining quiet at their homes. The result has been to give us much trouble and annoyance, with the loss of a few of our brave seamen, who were killed in an action recently between the enemy and a detachment from the Savannah. We are going on mounting our men, and before next Tuesday I expect our Commodore will be a general of dragoons, and that we shall all be on our march to Ciudad de los Angeles, where he is resolved, if his life is spared, again to hoist the American flag.

PLAN OF ATTACK ON VERA CRUZ.

A correspondent of the Pa. Enquirer, writes under date of Sunday, Feb. 28th, from the Island of Lobos, as follows:—

I have just seen the plan of attack. We concentrate at the Island of Anton Lizardo, and already the ships are moving off with troops. Among the fleet are ordnance ships, horse ships, wagon ships, &c., &c., and indeed all sorts of transports. Anton Lizardo is about thirty miles from Vera Cruz, and as soon as possible after landing the line of march for Vera Cruz will be commenced by landing us upon the main land in small boats. If successful in the attack, the transports are to be discharged—if otherwise, which Heaven forbid—they are to be detained, and will again receive those fortunate enough to escape the conflict, on board. By Sunday next, I presume, if nothing occurs, the grand battle, which is to decide the fate of Mexico, will be fought.

FROM SANTA FE.

The news from Santa Fe, last received, is to the effect that the insurrection is not extensive, and there need not be any great fear of the safety of our troops. The movement appears to have been crushed, though unfortunately it progressed far enough to cause the sacrifice of the life of Governor Bent and others at Taos.

LATER FROM THE ARMY.

Col. Curtis, of the Ohio volunteers, commanding at Camargo, has made a call upon the Government for 50,000 volunteers. He has also called upon the Governor of Louisiana for 10,000 men. He has no authority to make such calls, but the Governor of Louisiana had promptly gone to work to raise reinforcements. *The report that Gen. Taylor had made any call of the kind is unfounded.*

The New Orleans papers, in the absence of all information from Monterey, have settled down upon the belief that Taylor had retreated to Rinconada Pass.

The New Orleans Times, says:—"We had an opportunity of conversing with Captain Henrie last evening. He stated that he *left Gen. Taylor on the 23d ult., when there was nothing unusual stirring in camp at Agua Nueva.* There must be a terrible confusion of dates somewhere."

At the present writing nothing further has been heard from Taylor since the 22d of February, the day on which the battle is said to have been fought. There comes a report from Tampico, on the 24 inst., of an encounter between Gen. Minon, with five hundred Mexicans, and Gen. Taylor, in which the former was defeated, which may possibly explain all the other reports by way of the Rio Grande. Tampico is nearly four hundred miles from Monterey, and the news which was received on the 1st inst., at Tampico, supposing it to have been the affair of the 22d ult., had time to reach there in nine days. It would reach Tampico sooner than the Brazos, now that the direct connection between the latter place and Monterey is cut off. But it is useless to speculate upon this subject with the little light that we have.

LATE FROM TAMPICO.

A correspondent of the Picayune, writing from Tampico, under date of Feb. 28th, says—

The U. S. steamship Alabama, now lying in the stream opposite the city, is to sail to-morrow with Gen. Patterson, staff and troops. The steamship Virginia, with Gen. Pillow do. do. do. If the transports on the way here from the Brazos arrive, it is probable that by the last of the week, all the forces to leave will have sailed.

Whether or not there be a battle any where else, however, it seems to be pretty certain that we shall have one at Vera Cruz and before we get to Vera Cruz. It is known here that the enemy are preparing to give us a warm reception on landing. In the rear of Anton Lizardo they have built strong fortifications, too far for the guns of our squadron to bear upon them, but in reach of the point of landing.

On these fortifications very heavy guns are mounted and other arrangements are made and being made, to make a desperate stand against the landing of our troops. It is also to be expected that the city of Vera Cruz is in a condition to make a bloody resistance. But a few days, I hope, will tell the tale, and make all speculation unnecessary. Who doubts the issue?

Varieties.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Tuesday, 3, P. M.—The news by the Hibernia has stiffened the market for breadstuffs. A few sales of Flour have been made at $6, and that is still offered, though holders are still firm in demanding $6¼. Corn Meal $4¼. We hear of no sales of Rye Flour.

GRAIN.—Pennsylvania red Wheat 130c, Corn 90 a 95c, with small sales at the former figures. Oats by wholesale, are worth 44 a 45c, and sell from wagons by the bag at 50c.

We hear of no sales of Whiskey.—*Public Ledger.*

LE VERRIER STRIPPED OF HIS LAURELS.—Professor Pierce, of Cambridge, presented a communication to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, on Tuesday week, to the effect that the observations which had been made as to the new planet, led to the result that its distance from the sun, the path in which it moves, and its period of revolution, vary so much from the computations of Le Verrier, as to deprive him of the whole merit of the discovery of the planet, in a scientific point of view, and prove that it was merely the result of a fortunate accident.

GOLD STOLEN.—A letter from Detroit, dated 13th instant, published in the Journal of Commerce, says—The cars are just in from the West. The passengers report $5,000 in gold stolen from the stage, twelve miles this side of Logansport, Indiana. The stage was left alone a short time at a changing station, in the evening, and then the boxes were taken away. They were in charge of John A. Wells, Esq., Sub-Treasury agent, who had gone to Chicago to bring the shiners here for the use of Uncle Sam.

THE BEY OF TUNIS AND HIS ELOQUENCE.—Respecting the fair speeches the French papers report his Highness to have made on various occasions, one who belonged to the Bey's suite declares, that when the fine remarks in the papers were translated to his Highness, he exclaimed, *Alla Kbeer Omar ma smaato hadza.*" God is great! has such a thing ever been heard of!—*Malta Paper.*

UNENVIABLE DISTINCTION.—Alexander Dumas has had an order of honor presented to him by the Emperor of Morocco, and it consists in a large ring, to be worn in *the nose*. The mulatto novelist was to have his nostrils pierced. This we consider a very questionable compliment, but the Emperor seems determined that the donee shall always have his gift under his eyes.

TIME.—Which is the best apportionment of our time? Sir Edward Coke says:

Six hours to sleep—to law's grave study six;
Four spend in prayer—the rest on nature fix.

Or as Sir Wm. Jones says:

Six hours to law—to soothing slumber seven;
Ten to the world allot—and all to Heaven.

A GOOD ONE.—The clown Pentland, in the Circus, the other day, gave the following conundrum:—

If Beelzebub should lose his tail, why would he be unable to get a new one?

Because the places are all shut up where bad Spirits are *re-tailed*.—*Boston Bee.*

☞ The Susquehanna, the Columbia (Pa.) Spy of Saturday last states, is now, from the late rains, in good navigable order, and should the quantity of water continue, lumber will begin to descend.

☞ It is reported that a celebrated plough maker has received orders from Ceylon for ploughs, which are to be drawn by elephants.

STEAMSHIPS.—The Great Western steamship was advertised for sale at auction, at Bristol, England, on the 11th inst.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, and Frederick J. Hawes.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer and John W. Wightman, the two last named in place of B. B. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

IMPORTANT COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—INACTIVITY IN THE COTTON MARKET—LOAN TO THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT FROM ROTHSCHILDS AND BARINGS—TIGHTNESS IN THE LONDON MONEY MARKET.

The Hibernia arrived at Boston on last Sunday evening, bringing twenty eight days later intelligence from England.

The British Government has effected a loan from the Messrs. Rothschilds and Barings, of £8,000 000

The affairs of Ireland continue to absorb attention. The proposition of Lord George Bentinck, for expending sixteen millions on railways in that country, was rejected by a large majority. Sir Robert Peel brought his sledge hammer logic to bear upon the scheme, and by a few masterly strokes knocked all sense and practicability out of it. It was argued that the present distress was temporary, and the remedy would entail a permanent drag on the Imperial Exchequer; that the money market would be seriously deranged, and trade, through all its complicated arteries, suffer paralysis by the adoption of the proposed plan.

The chief topic of conversation, both in monetary and commercial circles, during the past week, has been the financial statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as delivered in the House of Commons on the 23d ult., the chief points of which are, that he cannot afford to remit any taxes, and does not find it necessary to lay any on—(the last instalment of the China indemnity money fortunately falling due this year to equalize the income with the expenditure)—and that he requires a loan of £8,000,000 for the wants of Ireland a portion of which to be repaid by that country, and the other to be a grant from the Imperial Treasury.

The transportation system is to undergo a change. Convicts are not henceforth to be sent to the Australian colonies. Model prisons or penitentiaries at home, are to receive penal offenders for a given time, with subsequent employment on public works and conditional pardons when they behave well, the earnings of the prisoners to go towards affording them the means of emigrating, and their families, if they have any, may accompany them. The Government scheme of education is meeting with strong opposition from the Dissenters.

The financial position of France is said to be most embarrassing. The deficiency is said to be nearly thirty-nine millions of pounds sterling and the department of finance is unable to answer the demands upon it. The Budget Committee, it is added, has been ordered to make appearances square as much as possible, but even their version will show a deficiency of 400,000,000 francs, or sixteen millions sterling!

The price of bread in Paris has again been raised two centimes the kilogramme, or about ½d on the 4 lb. loaf.

The King of Naples has forbidden the exportation of wheat, as he had previously that of maize.

The Prussian Government is making large purchases of rye from Russia, in order to reduce the price of corn.

The Pope has been elected Colonel of the civic guard of Rome.

The effective force of the French army is to be augmented by 10,000 men.

Wheat of the first quality is now selling at Lisbon for 101s. the quarter.

The Spanish papers state that large quantities of maize have been shipped from Vigo, and other Gallician ports, for England.

A quantity of fresh pork was received from New York by the Oxford packet ship, and is now on sale in Manchester.

Mrs. Butler, late Miss Kemble, after having demanded £100 per night of Mr. Bunn, to perform at Drury Lane Theatre, London, plays at Manchester for £40.

The Malta journals, brought by the Levant mail, express alarm at the small quantity of corn in the island, which does not exceed twenty days' supply.

The Emperor of Russia has ordered that no person shall establish any telegraph in his dominions without his permission.

In consequence of the high price of grain, the daily allowance of oats to cavalry horses has been reduced from ten pounds to seven pounds, which will save about 18,000 bushels of oats per annum in each regiment.

MR. O'CONNELL.—Mr. O'Connell, it is said, is dying. The state of his health prevents his removal to Ireland. His confessor, Dr. Miley, left Dublin by express to attend him in London, where he now remains. His complaint is stated to be water on the chest and dropsy in the legs—fatal symptoms ever at his time of life. The number of inquiries daily at his hotel is great, and it is said a servant from the palace is among the number. His span of life has already exceeded the three score and ten of the sacred volume; and the mental and physical wear and tear he has undergone during the last forty years, show that his constitution must have been originally hard as iron to resist the inroads of disease so long. Two things have enabled him to preserve health to this time—temperance and exercise. All excitement during life from fermented liquors he has studiously shunned, and whenever opportunity permitted, he indulged in as much physical exertion as time enabled him to command. His end is drawing to a close during the severest affliction with which Heaven can visit his country; and the diminution of the unprecedented popularity in which he so long rioted is a striking commentary on the instability of favor based on flattering the passions of an excitable people.

Intelligence from the East Indies states that the town of Madras has lately been visited by cholera, which, at the latest dates, had declined. The country, with this exception, is healthy throughout, and the weather cool and agreeable.

A leader of the late disturbances in the province of Bhotal has been imprisoned with his two sons by the English in the fortress of Asserghier. Fresh disturbances have broken out amongst the Khonds of Goomsoor, consequent on the measures pursued by the English agent for the suppression of barbarous sacrifices of human beings, periodically performed by them.

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.—The Irish Relief Association, for the destitute peasantry, publish the following extract from their proceedings for the month ending on the 15th of February:

The sum total of subscriptions received by the Committee, from the commencement of their operations up to the present date, is £15,914 5s. 8d., and the total sums expended, and those for which the Association is liable, amount to £17,516 18s. 1d. On account of these payments there has, however, been received back, from the sale at a reduced price of the food already provided, a sum of £3,020, and the Committee are in daily expectation of further remittances on account of cargoes sold, but they require contributions, in addition, to a large amount, to enable them to continue relief even upon the present scale, inadequate as it is to the pressing wants of the people, and it cannot be denied that the urgency of the case admits of no delay.

It is gratifying to the Committee to be enabled to say that by means of the funds entrusted to them, they have been instrumental in affording relief to upwards of four hundred and forty seven applications from various parts of Ireland, filled with the most distressing details of hunger and suffering; but it is painful to be obliged to add that appeals of the most affecting nature reach them daily, soliciting them, in the most urgent manner, to exercise promptness and liberality in supplying food to the starving peasantry.

SWITZERLAND.—The institution of a General Council, as demanded by the revolution of October last, has been carried into effect. The popular assembly is composed of upwards of 10,000 voters, and is invested with the right to nominate the members of the Council of State, and to vote laws. Details of legislation are abandoned to the Grand Council, which has become a merely secondary body. We are very curious to see how this immense Council will transact affairs.

ITALY AND SWITZERLAND.—The disposition to a progressive and enlightened policy in the government of Sardinia and the Papal States, has caused repressive demonstrations on the part of Austria. The government has marched large bodies of troops upon the frontiers of Switzerland and Piedmont. It is said that in the event of any disturbance in the legations, the King of Sardinia will intervene in favor of the Pope; but it is added that Austria, which opposed the Sardinian intervention in 1832, will still more energetically oppose it now, being favorable to the Italian cause.

GERMANY.—Prussia has at length received something in the shape of the long-promised Constitution: the King has issued letters patent, enacting that the provincial States of the kingdom shall be united into a general Diet as often as it shall be necessary to raise loans, or to increase existing taxes. Thus the King accords to the Diet some control over the public money. The concession is not, perhaps, very great—certainly nothing like what was expected, but, considered as the first step towards liberty, its importance cannot be overrated. It will be the fault of the Prussians themselves, if, now that they have got the power of the purse, they do not, before long, obtain the laws, rights and privileges, of a free people—things that they merit, as one of the greatest and most intelligent nations in Europe. The royal patents as they are called, are four in number, and are very lengthy, setting forth a number of minute regulations with respect to the powers and attributes of the new Diet. Besides the convocation of the United Diet, for according loans and new taxes, the King proposes to convoke, periodically, a Committee of their body, to consult them on such legislative acts as he may think advisable. It seems, however, that they will not be allowed any legislative power, but will be a mere consultative body, whose advice may or may not be followed. It seems, also, that they are to have the right of petition. Those last two concessions are scarcely worth mentioning, some control over taxation being the only concession of any importance. The United Diet is to be formed of all the eight Diets of the monarchy. It will consist of two branches; one of the princes of the blood and the titled nobility, the other of the deputies (consisting of three orders) elected as at present. The total number of the new body will be upwards of 650. Since the promulgation of this new Constitution, as some people call it, the King has issued an ordinance convoking the Diet for the 11th April next, not, however, says his Majesty, because the state of the finances requires their co-operation, but because he is anxious to see them around him. The concessions made by the King, have, upon the whole, been very favorably received in Germany, notwithstanding they fall so far short of public expectations. The official organ of the government has published some remarkable articles on the subject, in which it holds out a sort of promise that if the people behave well the King will make further concessions before long.

COTTON MARKET.—There has been some revival in the demand from the trade, with a considerable inquiry for export and on speculation, and the prices generally have been slightly in favor of holders. The market, however, closes quietly, and no change can be made in the quotations of last week. At a public sale, 160 low Sea Island were offered but only 20 sold at 7½d to 10½d; taken by speculators. 6 500 American, &c; for export, 1 500 American, 50 Egyptian, and 150 Surat. The sales for the last week were 26,140. The proceedings from Feb. 27th to March 3d, have been rather more active than for some time past. The total sales are about 10,500 bales, a portion of which was taken by speculators and exporters.

There is not the least change in prices since the 20th ult., so that the quotations then current stand unaltered. Cotton, fair bowed Georgia, 6¼ to 6½d. Mobile, 6¼ to 7. New Orleans, 6¼ to 7. New Orleans, 7½d.

THE GRAIN MARKET.—The corn trade has been in a very fluctuating condition during the month of February.

At the time of the sailing of the Cambria the price of meal continued to give way occasionally rapidly until from the commencement of the reaction the reduction amounted altogether to about 8s. to 10s. per quarter, and 7s. or 8s. per barrel.

It might be that this decline under the actual position of supply and demand was too rapid, or commenced too early, or that the nature of the discussions in Parliament renewed the confidence of holders, and disarmed the fears of buyers. Towards the middle of last month, renewed confidence was observable, and buyers again came forward from Ireland to purchase heavily. In consequence, the upward movement again commenced and there has since been an advance on wheat of 4d. to 6d. per 70 lbs., and on flour of about 3s. 6d. per barrel. Oats and oatmeal remain steady, but do not sell freely. Indian corn meal has of late given way 1s. to 2s. per 480 lbs., and beans 2s. to 3s. per quarter.

At our last market the prices paying were for general runs of American meal, 11s to 12s per 70 lbs. For American flour, sweet, 39s to 40s; sour, 35s. 6d. to 36s. 6d. per barrel. Indian corn, white, 68s. to 70s., and yellow 72s. to 73s. per 480 lbs. Egyptian beans, 45s. to 50s. per quarter. Irish oats 3s. 4d. to 3s. 8d. per 54 pounds.

As to stocks we make no comment; no duties are now payable, so that they are not so well ascertained, but as far as regards the demand the last market closed steadily, although with less urgency than might have been expected.

Various reasons and opinions are afloat as to the probable supply of bread stuffs, which we can procure during the present season of famine and distress.

The last eight or ten days the receipts of corn, &c., have been light, and this added to the continuance of considerable exports to Ireland has caused the market to have a very firm aspect, and prices have since returned as regards wheat and flour. Indian corn still continues in great requisition, and commands the high price of 69 to 72 shillings per quarter, while other kinds of grain are cheaper.

Local Intelligence.

THE HARTMAN CASE.

On last Saturday, Chief Justice Gibson delivered his opinion in the case of the Messrs. Hartmans, who were convicted in the Court of Quarter Sessions on a charge of conspiracy to defraud certain creditors, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment by Judge Parsons. The entire proceedings of the Quarter Sessions have been reversed, the Supreme Court holding that every count in the indictment was defective—that the sentence was illegal and void, and that the defendants did not appear to have committed any offence whatever. They were accordingly discharged from confinement on Saturday, at an early hour, and proceeded to their home, in the country. Their feelings upon the occasion, are supposed to have been of a rather pleasurable nature, as the air of Moyamensing is considered decidedly more unwholesome than that of York county.

FALSE PRETENCE CASE.—In the Criminal Court Judge Campbell presiding, the jury in the case of Charles A. Dannaker, charged with having obtained goods from Messrs. Brooke, Tyson & Rehn, under false pretences, returned a verdict of guilty, but recommended him to the mercy of the Court.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city were 104—47 adults and 57 children.

General News.

THE MORMONS.—The Mormons, who were last to leave Nauvoo, are suffering dreadfully on the Pottawattamie lands, 175 miles west of Montrose. Many of them enlisted and have gone to New Mexico, but the rest are starving upon the prairie.

The Mormons settled in Voree, Wisconsin, are in a state of anarchy and confusion, and all efforts of Strang, Bennett & Co., cannot keep them in the traces. A good many were leaving at the last accounts.

The Hagerstown Torchlight says there is a settlement of Mormons in the vicinity of Greencastle, Pennsylvania, which has existed for two or three years past. The head of this community, which is gradually diminishing, is Sydney Rigdon; he is called a prophet.

This delusion seems thus to be gradually drawing to a close.

MEXICAN SAUSAGES.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from the army in Mexico, says:

"A new description of dog attracted our attention. It was a species perfectly destitute of hair, except a tuft on the end of the tail. They were very fat, and looked like they had been stuffed preparatory to being roasted. We subsequently saw a great many Mexican sausages, which looked very like they were stuffed with these hairless dogs. I tasted one. That was enough. It tasted like dog and garlic. We never bought any more sausages."

OCEAN STEAMERS.—The Journal of Commerce states that Mr. A. G. Sloo, who, under a late law of Congress, is about to build four ocean steamers, to ply between New York and New Orleans, touching at Cuba, is now visiting the different ship yards and steam engine factories on the Ohio, for the purpose of obtaining estimates for constructing the proposed steamers. There is a desire in the West, to have these steamers built on its waters, where the price per ton for the hull is considerably less than is now charged at New York.

THE NEW POPE.—A letter from Florence says that the present liberal Pope was once a missionary to the United States. This may be a key to his liberal opinions.—N. Y. Sun.

The present Pope, we imagine, was never in the United States. He was sent some years ago to the western coast of South America, upon a mission which he fulfilled, and returned to his duties in Rome.—U. S. Gazette.

EXTRAORDINARY GRINDING.—We learn that 90 barrels of Flour were recently made at the Greenfield Mills, Frederick County, Maryland, with a very superior pair of six feet burrs, called the "Eclipse," in twenty-four hours. The wheat of which this flour was made averaged only only 56 pounds per bushel. If the wheat had been of the same quality as that of last year, one hundred barrels would have been turned out with great ease.

THE LICENSE LAWS.—Chief Justice Wells, presiding in the Municipal Court of Boston, has stated that in sentencing for violations of the license law, the Court would hereafter require the convicted party to give bonds for his future good behavior during one year, and that in case of a violation of the license law within that time, the law would be rigidly enforced, both upon the guilty party and the bail.

THE MARCH OF INTELLIGENCE.—Four colored men, in Mobile, have been arrested for the revolting act of exhuming the body of a white man, who had been buried during the day, and cutting from it the fingers, toes and tongue! which were to act as a charm that would enable the possessor to be always successful in any species of gambling in which he might engage.

BRIGADIER GENERAL BROUGH.—We have it upon good authority, that among the late appointments of President Polk, which we have not yet chronicled, was that of John Brough, of this city, to be a Brigadier General of the U. States Army.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Miscellaneous.

ON BETTING.

Bets are the blockhead's argument,
The only logic he can vent,
His minor and his major;—
'Tis to confess your head a worse
Investigator than your purse,
To reason with a wager.

The fool who bets too high, will have
Temptation to enact the knave,
And make his friend his martyr;
But they who thus would underhand
Entrap, may be themselves trepann'd,
And sometimes catch a Tartar.

Some slyly make the matter sure,
And then propose with look demure,
The bet at stake to double;
Forgetting that whatever vogue
The trick may have, the man's a rogue
Whose betting is a bubble.

Tempt not yourself—still less your friends—
Where bets begin, attachment ends,
And up spring feuds and quarrels.
Leave wagers to the black-leg tribe,
Lest with their practice you imbibe
A portion of their morals.

THE WAY THEY DO IT IN PARIS.—One of the reigning belles this season, at Paris, is the Princess Demidorff, a daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, ex-king of Westphalia. Some months since, her husband brought her here, and returned to Florence alone, whence the rumor soon came that he was very attentive to a French Countess. The spirit of her uncle set the Princess off at once, on hearing this report confirmed. She arrived at Florence on the evening of a masked ball—disguised herself as a postillion—found the transgressing pair in a box—and struck the Countess several blows across the face with her whip. The Prince undertook to avenge himself and shut her up. She contrived to write to his cousin, the Emperor Nicholas, who at once ordered the Prince to settle $45,000 per annum on her, give up her diamonds and not come to Paris so long as she may reside here. She has engaged a hotel in the Rue de Courcelles, and entrusts the management of her affairs to a young sculptor, to whom she has posed for a statue of Jeanne d' Arc, which is to be exhibited at the coming saloon.—French Correspondent.

DE MEYER AND HIS PIANO.—De Meyer's monster music box—his piano shell—stands outside of the Planters' House, and attracts very general attention. Some wag in New Orleans, while the strange looking affair stood outside of the St. Charles Hotel wrote upon it in huge letters: "This Box contains the Bodies of six Mexican Officers"—an announcement which added considerably to the interest of the exhibition.

By-the-bye, the city authorities, the other day, wanted to charge De Meyer seventy five dollars for his license.

"Mein Got!" cried the musician, "shust for play mein piano two—tree night?"

"Why, yes," said the functionary applied to, "I know it's more than usual, but then, Mr. De Meyer, your piano is such a large one!"—St. Louis Reveille.

HOW TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.—Sir J. Ross has written to the Astronomical Society, informing that body that he has submitted a plan to the Admiralty for carrying into execution the double and desirable objects of measuring an arc of the meridian and reaching the North Pole. His plan is to winter at Spitzbergen, and employ his officers and crew under the direction of the son of the celebrated Schumacher, whom he has engaged for the purpose, and at the proper season, attempt to reach the North Pole on sledges drawn by Swedish horses, being a modification of the plan proposed by Dr. Scoresby. Nothing is said in his letter about greasing the pole.

BOTH MAY BE RIGHT.—A person residing in the neighborhood of Preston, who entered into the matrimonial state five days ago, has been so far initiated into the enjoyments of wedded life, as to avow that "if all the water in the world was ink, all the land paper, and every tree upon it a pen, they would hardly be sufficient to write down the deceit of woman." We (Preston Chronicle) fancy he has "caught a tartar." We (Gateshead Observer) fancy she has caught an ass.—Jerrold's Weekly.

THE MECHANIC.—"The mechanic, sir, is God's nobleman." This is only true when he behaves himself and is an honest man. He is frequently no better than a lawyer, a physician, or a member of the upper five dozen.

Items of News.

ILLINOIS INTEREST.—David Leavitt, Esq., President of the American Exchange Bank, New York, has received from the Governor of Illinois, the funds necessary to make the second payment of interest on the debt of that State, according to the resumption act passed two years ago. The letters containing the remittances have been more than thirty days in passing through the mail, from Springfield to that city.

A LONG FAST.—On the 25th of November last, twenty-six sheep, belonging to Mr. Levi Martin, of Bingham, Me., strayed from his farm and were buried in the snow; they remained thus without any food whatever until the 14th of February following, being eighty-two days, when three of the number were found alive, and two have recovered and are doing well.

THE CATERPILLAR AGAIN.—The last number of the Fort Gaines' Whig says:—"We have been informed by several planters that the fly which generates the caterpillar so destructive to cotton, has been already seen during the few days of warm weather we have had this Spring, an alarming indication that the crop may again be cut short."

ARMY APPOINTMENTS.—By a list of appointments made by the President since the adjournment of Congress, it appears that out of 184 Captains, 1st and 2d Lieutenants, 41 Captains are from the slave States to 15 from the free—23 1st Lieutenants from slave States to 8 from the free—57 2d Lieutenants from slave States to 32 from the free.

WHITE AND YELLOW CORN.—It is singular to observe the change that has taken place in the value of corn. Six months ago, all the orders from Europe were for white corn, and the price was carried up five cents above yellow. Now the orders are for yellow, and the price has risen five cents above white.

WEBSTER AND CALHOUN.—Webster and Calhoun are said to be now engaged upon great works, which are to be the crowning efforts of their lives. Mr. Calhoun upon a Treatise on the Principles of Government, and Mr. Webster upon a History and Exposition of the Constitution.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—Five thousand dollars have been recovered by David Taylor and wife, of Baltimore, from a Mr. Shipley, for slanderous charges circulated by the latter against the character of Mrs. Taylor, when she was yet a miss, in 1842.

GOES BY STEAM.—In a single hour the heart beats 3,600 times, discharges 7,200 ounces of blood, which passes through the body twenty-five times. In twenty-four hours, the blood in the body circulates through the heart 600 times.

CORN.—The New York Express says that the export of Corn this month, has been already over eight hundred thousand bushels, and there is every probability that it will exceed a million of bushels before the month is out.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT RICHE.—It is reported that President Riche died at Port au Prince on the 27th of February. Provisions were exceedingly scarce in Hayti, and commanding high prices.

HEAVY DEMAND.—It is said that Lord Palmerston is about to demand the liberation of 5,000 negroes, whom he affirms are English subjects, detained in slavery in the Island of Cuba.

SELF INTEREST.—Among the names attached to a petition to the Massachusetts Legislature, against the abolition of capital punishment, were no less than twenty rope makers.

NO REST FOR THE WICKED.—Eppes, the supposed murderer of a young gentleman in Virginia has been arrested in New Orleans, having just arrived from Texas.

TO TOBACCO CHEWERS.—There is an alkali existing in the leaves of tobacco called "necotina," one grain of which in its pure state would be fatal to animal life.

LIBERALITY.—In Chicago, $7,000 have been contributed to the relief of Ireland and Scotland, a half dollar for every man, woman, and child in the place.

SUSQUEHANNA TRADE.—River craft from the interior of Pennsylvania and New York are arriving in great numbers at Port Deposit.

THE FIRST BOAT.—The first boat of the season arrived at Pittsburg from Philadelphia on the evening of the 19th.

SUFFOCATION.—A young daughter of Mr. Thos. Gorman, of Pittsfield, was suffocated to death by smoke recently, and a little son came near a similar fate. The children had been locked in the house alone, and the carpet taking fire from the stove, filled the room with smoke.

Clippings.

☞ The correspondence between the War Department and General Taylor, which was called for by a resolution of Congress, is being published in the Union. There are several hundred letters and orders embraced in the correspondence.

☞ Senator Speight has so far recovered from his recent indisposition as to leave Washington for Mississippi. Senator Lewis, and Messrs. Reid and Phelps of the House, are also much better.

☞ In Enosburg, (Vt.) Miss Sarah A. Jeromes, aged twenty-two years, killed herself by taking cobalt. She was soon to be married to a man not her first choice.

☞ Elihu Burritt computes that the English have expended enough in fighting the French, to have bought the whole of France at £14, say $70 per acre!

☞ Governor Colby, of New Hampshire, has appointed Thursday, the 15th of April next, to be observed as a day of Fasting and Prayer, in that State.

☞ One thousand dollars a day (or $350,000 a year,) is expended from the City Treasury of New York, for the support of the Alms House Department.

☞ The beautiful residence erected by the taste and liberal expenditure of Joseph Bonaparte, at Bordentown, N. J., is to be sold at auction next June.

☞ A single drop of the oil of lavender put into a bottle of ink, will prevent it from moulding for any length of time. It is said.

☞ The largest known diamond in the world, is in the possession of the Crown of Portugal. It is valued at $215,000,000.

☞ There are, it is supposed, 300,000 Christians in China, who are not as yet permitted to hold public religious meetings.

☞ Judge Richardson, of Auburn, N. Y., had sixty-two sheep killed by dogs a short time since, in one night.

☞ Marrying for money may be gold to the hand, but it is lead to the heart.

Political Intelligence

PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.—At the recent Ward elections in this city, the Whigs, as usual, carried all before them. The county stands about as before, Democrats uppermost. George Lippard did not get elected—cause, not enough votes.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Democrats have elected their Governor by about a thousand majority. They have also carried the Legislature.

Latest Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

There is no great variety in the make of evening dresses this season, as far as the corsages are concerned; they continue to be pointed with draperie or berthe, and the sleeves very short; the skirts are very long, and if of thick materials form trains; they are still made very full. Velvet, figured satins, moires and damas, are mostly used for evening dress, and accord well with the necklaces, bandeaux of diamonds, now so fashionable. Tunics of point d'Angleterre, forming short upper skirt, over a satin dress, with deep berthe and flounce to correspond, have a very rich effect. Very small tips of marabouts, feathers, on damas or brocarts of gold or silver, in small Moorish patterns, have a beautiful effect. Generally speaking, all dresses of clear materials, as gauzes, crapes, &c., are made with several skirts, the upper one forming corbeille or tunic; for young ladies taffetas are still much in favor, and form toilettes of elegant simplicity. Flowers are very much used in ornamenting dresses, and gimp is very fashionable, and made in great variety, both as to style and lightness. Mantauts of gimp on relief are sometimes placed on each side of the skirts of crape or gauze dresses, raising the tucks so as to form a draperie terminating with a noeud of gimp a jour; this noeud may be replaced by a feuillage of velvet. Dresses of taffetas bouton d'or, sea green, or all white, with triple flounces are pretty for demi toilette.

Crape bonnets and capotes are being made ornamented with flowers, encircled with blond; some are intermixed with straw or gimp, and are of a lightness and elegance suitable to the spring season. Bonnets of paille guipure will be amongst the earliest in request. Capotes a coulisses of gros d'ete have the runners ornamented with velvet, and others have a narrow bloud put on full at each coulisse.

The evening coiffures offer many pretty novelties; the newest are the gipsy, of black lace or dentelle d'or, intermixed with roses and leaves; the coiffures Luisa and Odette are also pretty; one formed of a half square of lace is quite novel; the corners rounded, and fall behind the head, and the sides are confined by honey-suckle, a sprig of which crosses the forehead under the border of the fichu. Marine flowers are very fashionable this season, and compose many pretty coiffures; wreaths are numerous, and widen into full bunches at the ears.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, March 20, 1847.

REMARKS—We are still without later dates from Europe. The operations in Cotton, Breadstuffs, and Produce generally, are looking for an arrival with unusual anxiety. The steamer Hibernia has now been out sixteen days, and is, therefore, fully due. Her news may be looked for every moment. The prevailing opinion seems to be, that her news will be unfavorable. It is presumed, that the rate of interest will be advanced by the Bank of England, and hence operators in Grain will experience some difficulty in procuring the means to operate—that weak holders will be forced to bring their stocks into market, and that a fall in price will be the result. Looking for advices of this character, the Philadelphia market has been rather inactive, and prices have somewhat receded.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Since our last, we have heard of sales to the extent of 8000 bbls Flour, at principally $5,75. It is selling, for future delivery, at $5,25a5,37½. Purchasers generally prefer holding off, until after the arrival of the steamer. In Rye Flour there is but little doing; sales at quotations. Corn Meal is lower; sales of 2500 bbls at $4,37½.

GRAIN.—The supplies of Wheat are very small, but our canals now being opened, will bring large stocks into market. Pennsylvania white is held at $1,30a1,40, and red $1,25. Rye is selling at 80a85c. There has been considerable done in Corn, but at lower prices. 40,000 bushels have changed hands, at 84a88c for Pennsylvania yellow, and 80a81c for Southern. Oats are in request, Pennsylvania being worth 44a45c. Southern 43c.

PROVISIONS.—The market has been inactive this week, and the increased supplies of Western Pork, cause a downward tendency in prices. Bacon comes forward slowly, and sells as wanted. We quote at 9½a10½ for hams; 8¼a9 for Sides, and 7a7½c for Shoulders. Lard—The supplies have materially increased, and prices are lower. Sales of Western at 9a10 cents, as in quality. Butter is scarce and in good request, at 11a14c per lb as in quality. Cheese is steady at 7¼a8c per lb, with free sales.

ASHES—In these articles there is little doing.

BARK—Is quiet. We hear of a sale of Quercitron, at $32, which is a decline.

BEESWAX—There is but little doing in yellow—small sales at 27c.

BREAD—Crackers being 5½a6c; Navy 3½a4; Pilot 4½a5c.

COAL—There is an increasing demand for Anthracite. Schuylkill is selling at $4 per ton from vessels.

COFFEE—The market is quiet and without change.

COTTON—Although there is no change in prices, holders evince more firmness, and demand our highest quotations.

FREIGHTS—Remain as noticed at the close of last week.

FRUIT.—We note sales of 3330 boxes Oranges, at $2 62½a2,75, and 1300 boxes Lemons at $1,50. 2500 frums Smyrna Figs, at 8¼a9¼c, and a small lot of Currants at 12½a13c. Dried Fruit is a little lower. Sales of Peaches, halves, at $1,62½, and Apples at $1 per bushel.

HEMP—Has been in some request, but the supplies are on an unusually limited scale, and held at high rates. A sale of 50 bales good Kentucky Dew Rotted on terms not communicated.

HIDES—No sales have transpired this week. Several hundred bales Southern and Western have arrived this week on dealers' account.

IRON—The recent extensive operations having materially reduced the stocks on sale, holders are not disposed to accept orders to any extent at present, in order to give the furnaces in the interior an opportunity of completing the contracts already made. The sales, therefore, have been only to a moderate extent, without change in prices.

LEAD—We note a sale of 3000 pigs Western at $4,37½a4,40 per 100 the 4 and 6 mos.

LEATHER—Has somewhat improved. Sales of Skirting at 21a23½c; Upper, dressed, $1,75a4,25.

LUMBER—The canals being now open, supplies may soon be expected from the Lehigh and Susquehanna.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet this week, at about previous quotations. A cargo of Cienfuegos sold at 30c; some Matanzas at 25½, and about 100 bbls New Orleans at 37½c 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—The market generally has been quiet, and the transactions limited, at previous rates.

OILS—The market has exhibited but little variation either in price or demand, since our last report.

RICE—The market is less firm. Small sales of good quality at 4¼a4½c per lb.

SALT—An invoice of 1000 sacks Liverpool Ground, sold at $1,33a1,35 per bushel.

SEEDS—Cloverseed has been in only moderate request. We note sales of 5a600 bushels at $4,50a4 75 for good quality. Flaxseed is scarce, and worth $1,35a1,36, with small sales.

SPIRITS—Sales of Rochelle Brandy at $2,05a2,12½. Bordeaux at $1 90a2. New Orleans Rum, 45a50 cents; New England do, 31a32c; Philadelphia, 31a32c. Sales of 750 bbls Whiskey at 29c, and 100 hhds at 27½a28c—closing at former rate.

SUGARS—The market exhibited considerable animation early in the week, and prices are more firm at the close. Among the sales we note about 750 hhds New Orleans at 7¼a8c; 130 Cuba Muscovado at 7¼a7¾; 130 Porto Rico at 8a8¾; and about 1000 boxes Havana and Matanzas at 8½ for white, and 7a7½c for brown, on the usual credit.

TALLOW—Continues scarce, and prices steady.

TEAS—The demand continues to a fair extent, and prices are well supported.

TOBACCO—The supplies of Kentucky continue very light, and prices are very firm.

WINES—We hear of no sales this week.

WOOL—The demand continues good, and sales to a fair extent have been made this week at full rates. We note a sale of Mexican at 12½c, 6 mos.—Bick. Reporter.

EFFECTS OF THE HIBERNIA'S NEWS.

The commercial article of the Ledger, states that as regards breadstuffs, the receipt of the Hibernia's news made a decided improvement.

Flour was firm at $6, with sales, and Corn Meal and Grain exhibited a corresponding advance. Corn sold at 90 cents.

SALES OF STOCKS.

500 shares Morris Canal,	15
400 do. Reading R. R.	29¾
100 do. United States Bank	4¼
22 do. Northern Bank of Kentucky,	95½
2 do. Chesapeake & Del. Canal Stock,	53¼
$9000 Sch. Nav. 6's, 1865,	83
$4500 U. S. 6 pr ct Treas. Notes, new	101¼
$10,000 State 5's, b5,	70½
$5950 State 5's,	70½
$8000 U. S. 6's, 1867,	102¼
$1500 Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1858,	81¾
$1000 State 6's,	81½

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offering comprised 900 head of Beef Cattle, including 250 from Western Pennsylvania and Virginia; 560 Cows and Calves; 500 Swine, and 1150 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle are in active demand, and prices of the better kinds have advanced 50c per cwt. All were sold, including 450 for New York at $6,50a8 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—Sales of Milch Cows at $18a35; Springers $12a25, and Dry Cows at $7a14 each. Swine are in active demand, and all offered sold at $7a7.50 per 100 lbs, which is a further advance. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep sell readily at $1,50 a4, and Lambs at $1,25a3 each, according to quality. Hay and Straw—There has been a fair supply at market. Clover sells at 65a75c, and Timothy at 70a80c per cwt. Straw $5,75a6,50 per 100 bundles.

Baltimore, March 19.—There were 450 head of Beeves offered at the scales on Monday, of which 50 were driven to New York; 20 to Washington, and the balance, 380 head, were purchased by city butchers at $3a4 per 100 lbs. on the hoof, equal to $6a7,75 nett, and averaging $3 62½. Hogs—Sales of live at prices ranging from $6,50a6,62½ per 100 lbs.

Richmond, March 18.—Fat cattle from the scales gross weight, $3,00a3,75; nett $5,50a7,50, according to quality. Mutton—$2,00a4,00—scarce and in demand. Hogs—Live $6 50 wholesale, $7 retail.

NEW YORK MARKETS, March 20.—The sales of Ashes this week include about 650 bbls of Ashes of both kinds at $4 81¼a4,87½ for Pots, and $6,25a6 for Pearls—the last price, old brands.

The sales of Cotton for the week ending last evening amounted to 6000 bales, including 4100 Upland and Florida, and 1900 Mobile and New Orleans. The arrivals during the same period were 5868 bales. The market has been very firm throughout the week, and the accounts from the South relative to the crops, added to withholding of their stock from the market by holders, have had the effect of raising the prices ⅛a¼c per lb since Saturday last. We quote as follows:—

Inferior,	none.	none.
Ordinary to good ordinary	10½ a 10¾	10½ a 11
Middling to good middling	11¼ a 11½	11¼ a 11¾
Middling fair to fair	11¾ a 12¼	12¼ a 12½
Fully fair to good fair	12¼ a 13	13 a 13¼
Fine	none.	none.

The sales to day are moderate, without further change in prices.

There is rather more doing to day in Flour, though there is no briskness in the market. As the steamer's news is now so close at hand, both buyers and sellers are naturally disposed to await its reception, before operating to any very great extent.

We notice sales of 1000 barrels of Genesee Flour, for shipment, at $6,97, and some small transactions for the city trade and for shipment to the Eastward at $7 00—3000 bbls of Michigan, to be delivered in June, were sold at $5,50. Southern Flour is dull; Georgetown sells at $5,50, and Pennsylvania at $5 31¼.

Corn Meal is dull. Sales of Jersey at $4,75 and Brandywine at $5,00.

There are sales of white Wheat to report. Sales of Jersey red Wheat at $1,40. Rye is worth 87a90c.

Sales of Southern white Corn to a considerable extent at 85a88, and of Jersey yellow at 86a90c. Southern yellow sells at 88cts. There are no Canal Oats in market. Sales of Jersey at 40, and North River at 44a45c.

The sales of Tallow this week sum up about 30,000 lbs at 8¼a9c per lb.—Com. Adv.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.—The Baltimore Patriot, in its review of last week, says:—"We quote nominally at the following prices: Maryland $1,50 to 2 50 for inferior and common; $3a5 for good common; $6a7 for good; $8a12 for fine and better qualities; Ohio common to middling $1,25a3 50; good $4a7; fine reds $5a10; fine yellow $5a10; extra kinds $10a12. The inspections are 396 hhds, including 355 Maryland, 9 Kentucky, and 2 Virginia."

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 16th to the 22d March.

March 16, received from			
Miss F. A. Perry	4 00	Mrs. A. M. Smith	2 00
J. D. Smith	2 00	C. R. Penrose	20 00
J. Sooy	1 25	W. A. Walters	10 00
F. Mahon	1 50	N. T. Lynn	2 00
S. Y. Munroe	2 00	W. L. Gibbs	2 00
E. Watters	2 00	R. S. Hinton	4 00
H. S. Alexander	2 00	Miss P. F. Wayne	2 00
W. C. Hughes	8 00	C. G. Warren	2 00
J. A. Hall	12 00	R. S. Roberts	2 00
J. Stras	2 00	W. P. Barber	5 00
D. F. Dantzler	2 00	N. G. Lee	2 00
G. Scott	7 00	W. R. Wrenn	2 00
T. Pharo	5 00	A. B. Albright	2 00
N. M. Lewis	2 00		
March 17.			
R. P. Miller	2 00	Capt. J. Peters	2 00
J. B. Sappiee	2 00	A. M. Towar	1 00
J. & F. Bilderback	2 00	N. C. Folwell	2 00
J. Elder	3 00	W. C. Stockley	20 00
J. W. Morris	5 00	B. W. Carlton	2 00
C. G. Webb	2 00	S. R. Sheetz	15 00
J. McClenen, Jr.	7 00	W. L. Donnelly	2 00
H. Elliott & Co.	3 00	C. B. Hart	2 00
A. Langworth	5 00	A. N. Moss	2 00
S. Scudder	2 00	W. D. Martin	4 00
S. R. Lawrence	2 00	C. G. Engle	2 00
G. W. Hallett	5 00	W. M. Harvey	2 00
J. Somers	4 00	C. S. Trotter	2 00
H. Souder	2 00	W. R. Pyleton	3 00
March 18.			
S. Smith	3 00	E. T. Ellett	5 00
Misses Corbin	3 00	J. D. Vedder	10 00
J. Brown	3 00	J. L. Ball	10 00
L. P. Brasher	5 00	A. Price	5 00
S. Marsfield	2 00	J. Miles	2 00
H. A. Jackman	1 50	G. J. Wilson	2 00
D. Sowers	2 00	W. Bonker	10 00
P. Overmyre	2 00	Ansel Talbert	7 00
A. J. Bradley	2 00	S. Clark	2 00
W. F. Powell	2 00	S. Marston	2 00
A. J. Dawson	2 00	F. W. Clark	5 00
R. F. Root	10 00	Miss S. Thurston	2 00
G. W. Bryant	2 00	J. A. Moore	2 00
G. Henderson	2 00	D. B. Bowman	2 00
C. P. Montgomery	2 00	A. Gardner & Co.	5 00
H. K. White	1 00	S. D. Morris	20 00
C. S. Rowley	9 00	P. L. Lewis	2 00
N. Coe	5 00		
March 19.			
A. F. Ross	5 00	C. S. Bartlett	6 00
N. Hallowell	2 00	P. R. Granel	1 50
T. F. Perkins	1 50	H. D. V. Williams	7 75
B. B. Booth	2 00	D. F. Flowers	10 00
J. Gordon	4 00	C. Dudley	5 00
J. Pierce	15 00	Mrs. Dr. Charles	2 00
C. Hawkins	2 00	G. Burnley	2 00
A. G. Hawkins	2 00	W. Worrell	2 00
R. P. Wyer	5 00	W. Worrell 2nd	2 00
N. L. Strong	2 00	Miss S. James	4 00
A. J. Clark	1 00	M. Brennan	2 00
G. J. Hyde & Co.	5 00	J. Brown	2 00
S. Runyon	5 00	W. P. Winchester	4 00
J. Schloser	2 00	C. Z. Little	20 00
D. Sando	2 00	R. W. Turney	16 00
March 20.			
S. L. Roberts	2 00	J. D. Powell	8 00
J. G. Palmer	2 00	J. Y. Ferguson	2 00
G. W. Foering	3 00	A. Whittington	2 00
E. Gibbs	1 50	Dr. J. W. Howlett	2 00
W. Richards	3 00	L. M. Spratley	2 00
G. B. Brown & Co.	11 00	L. Hopper	2 00
E. Vanderslice	2 00	Dr. B. H. Withers	2 00
N. Gove	1 00	B. D. Griswold	20 00
E. Clark	2 00	S. N. Payne	10 00
T. P. Batchelder	10 00	W. L. Willetts	2 00
J. Sully	1 00	Miss E. S. Stevens	3 00
Mrs. E. Crabb	2 00	N. J. Norvell	2 00
Rev. Dr. T. L. Hoffedits	2 00	L. W. Lewis	2 00
March 22.			
J. R. Weldin	38 75	S. B. Lehman	1 00
H. E. Fowle	2 00	G. Miller & Co.	5 00
H. Hanford	3 00	Miss T. L. Jones	2 00
C. W. James	30 00	Dr. J. S. Slack	2 00
G. Felkner	2 00	W. L. Devine	10 00
N. Vineyard	5 00	A. R. Corman	2 00
A. Dye	2 00	S. W. Wiley	4 00
R. W. Evans	5 00	D. L. Burns	2 00
W. Thomas	8 00	W. L. Smither	2 00
W. A. Hardison	5 00	B. C. Dunn	2 00
G. Stone	3 00	S. C. Pell	5 00
M. Eager	10 00	A. R. Wills	2 00
J. Carver	2 00		

MAP AGENTS WANTED. The subscriber wishes to engage, in the sale of his Maps, a number of active men of moral and industrious habits. The following embrace some of the prominent works to be circulated: New and improved edition of a splendid Universal Atlas, 73 Maps, Map of the World on Rollers, Reference and Distance Map of the United States on Rollers, National Map of the United States on Rollers. Also, a variety of other Maps and Charts. The subscriber will supply travelling Agents at the lowest possible prices for cash. A cash capital of from $50 to $100 will be necessary for an Agent. Address, mar 20 4t* S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL, Map Establishment, N. E. corner of Market and Seventh streets, Philada.

THE LATEST AND CHEAPEST MAP OF MEXICO, New Edition, Improved. The subscriber has just published, a new and improved edition of his Map of Mexico, including Yucatan, and Upper California, exhibiting the chief Cities and Towns, the principal travelling Routes, &c. Size 25 by 17 inches. Six copies of this Map in sheets, folded for the pocket, will be forwarded by mail for one dollar. The postage will not exceed 7½ cents per copy to any part of the United States. mar13 4t* S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL, Map Establishment, North East corner of Market and Second Sts., Philada.

THE OPINION OF A CONGRESSMAN.

The following is from the Hon. Lewis C. Levin, Member of Congress, from the first Congressional District, Pa., and formerly Editor of the Philadelphia Sun:

"It has been said, that we were influenced by selfish considerations, in bearing our testimony in favor of 'JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,' and that as a reward for our services, he pays largely as an advertiser in the Sun. Now, long before the Editor's connection with this paper commenced, he had been relieved from hoarseness and oppression of the chest, by the use of this unrivalled remedy, and from a sense of a duty, recommended it to the public. At that time, he had not the most remote idea of editing a daily paper; and Dr. Jayne gives a preference to the Sun, not only on account of its large and rapidly increasing circulation, but because the paper opens to the advertiser a NEW CLASS of readers, who were never in the habit of taking the daily penny papers of the city. In bearing our humble testimony to the virtues of the Expectorant we do not stand alone. Thousands in this city attest its curative powers, and although opposed to the use of what are termed 'Quack medicines' generally, yet, when as in this case, we have felt the benefit of the remedy—when, as we freely acknowledge, we keep it constantly in our family, as a certain and prompt remedy for CROUP or COUGHS, we feel that we subserve the interest of society, when we state such facts to the public. The misrepresentations of interested individuals, have forced this explanation upon us, which we cheerfully give." LEWIS C. LEVIN.

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. mar 27-3t

ALMANAC.

March, 1847.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
27 Saturday,	5 51	6 9	morn	
28 Sunday,	5 50	6 10	12 2	D. H. M.
29 Monday,	5 49	6 11	12 43	
30 Tuesday,	5 48	6 12	1 20	Full 1 9 39
31 Wednesday,	5 46	6 14	1 53	Last 9 11 9
1 Thursday,	5 45	6 15	2 24	New 16 3 41
2 Friday,	5 44	6 16	2 56	First 23 0 11
3 Saturday,	5 42	6 18	3 32	Full 31 3 47

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
March 14,	30	38	40
15,	35	40	42
16,	29	31	33
17,	29	38	44
18,	39	42	42
19,	40	46	51
20,	38	41	50

Married,

On the 18th inst. by John Swift, Esq. Mayor, ERASMUS PHILLIPS SMITH, to ELIZABETH, daughter of Arnold Baker, all of Norriton Township, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, WM. R. MOFFET, of Wilkesbarre, to ADALIA, eldest daughter of Geo. G. West, of Southwark.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. ALEXANDER ROBSON, to Miss ELIZABETH DOWNS, both of Kingsessing.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. John L. Taft, Mr. THOS. FURGERSON, Esq. of Cumberland county, N. J. to Miss LORETTA JONES, of Philadelphia.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Ignatius T. Cooper, Mr. CHARLES P. WARNER, to Miss EMMA LOUISA D. daughter of Anthony Null, Esq. all of Spring Garden.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. John C. Lyons, Mr. ROBERT WILSON, to Miss MARGARET PARK, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, NATHAN HOBSON, to PHEBE, daughter of Joshua and Hannah Shortlidge, both of New Garden Township, Chester county, Pa.

On the 5th of January, by the Rev. F. Hodgson, W. W. WILSON, to EMMA, daughter of Samuel Webb, Esq. all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Emmanuel Roudthaler, Mr. WILLIAM CHESNUT, to Miss MARY POLLOCK, both of Philadelphia.

In this city, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, the Rev. BENJ. F. TEMPLETON, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss SARAH C. REYNOLDS, of Richmond, Va.

Died,

On the 21st inst. HANNAH, wife of Henry L. Clew, in the 27th year of her age.

On the 23d inst. CHARLOTTE, daughter of Louis A. and Maria C. Godey, aged 5 years.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. HANNAH, wife of Wm. Lockhart, aged 37 years.

On the 19th inst. HENRIETTA HARVEY, infant daughter of Thos. and Elizabeth A. Ogden, aged 1 year.

On the 17th inst. ELIZABETH G. daughter of Wm. and Mary A. Rottenbury, aged 8 years.

On the 17th inst. Miss MARY ANN LANGTREE.

On the 15th inst. Mr. ISAAC W. BATCHELDER, aged 48.

At Gloucester City, N. J. on the 17th inst. THOS. BURTON, son of H. M. and Mary P. Coomber, aged 8 mos.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. SARAH WHITE, aged 73 years.

On the 19th inst. JOHN L. FINNEY, aged 36 years.

On the 19th inst. MARTHA, infant child of Francis and Susan Laird, aged 18 months.

On the 19th inst. Mr. JOHN WILCOX, aged 34 years.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. LOUISA GAYLER, aged 48.

On the 19th inst. SUSAN HAMMOND, aged 23 years.

At Manayunk, on the 19th inst. JOHN RUMNEY, aged 58 years.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH NELSON, aged 45.

On the 19th inst. ANNE D. daughter of Charles F. and Anna H. Hollingshead, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 17th inst. Miss CATHARINE LUTZ, aged 20.

On the 16th inst. SARAH S. SELBY, aged 26 years.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. MARY ANN BUTLER, aged 84.

On the 15th inst. Mr. WILLIAM RAVELY.

On the 16th inst. PATRICK NEILIS, Jr. aged 25 years.

On the 16th inst. GEORGE THOMAS, Sr. aged 81.

On the 16th inst. Mr. ROBERT McKNIGHT, aged 30.

At Bethlehem, Pa. on the 7th inst. Mrs. SOPHIA ELIZABETH, widow of the late Rev. Samuel Kitchelt, Missionary on the Danish West India Islands, aged 71.

At Bethlehem, Pa. on the 12th inst. JOHN JONES, eldest son of Mr. Christian Lange, aged 18 years.

On the 17th inst. Mr. JOSEPH DUNCAN, aged 35 years.

On the 17th inst. MARY ANN S. only child of Mesmer and Sarah Gaulbert, aged 4 years.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. MARY McGUIRE, aged 45.

On the 18th inst. MARY ANN, wife of Saml. Magonigal, aged 56 years.

On the 17th inst. Miss SARAH GIBSON, aged 38 years.

On the 18th inst. SALLY ANN FOYLE, only child of Jos. C. and Mary A. Edwards, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 19th inst. MARGARET O'NEILL, aged 7 years.

On the 18th inst. ANDREW JACKSON, son of Samuel R. and Margaret Kepper, aged 2 years and 8 months.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER. No. 24 South Third Street. Philadelphia, March 27, 1847.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. Bank notes	17 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	par
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1 dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lebanon	½ dis
Lehigh county bank	50 dis
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1 dis
Wyoming	1 dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	50 dis
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	½ dis
Yard Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de Grace	½ dis
Far and Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis
Bank of Lyons,	2 dis
Lewis Co. Bank,	2 dis
Canal bk. Lockport,	2 dis
White Plains Bk.	2 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Clinton county	2 dis
Com. Bk. Buffalo	2 dis
Com. Bk. Owego	2 dis
Owego Bank	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
Country banks	½ dis

MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	1 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va.&branch's	½ dis
Far. Bk. and branch's	do dis
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1 dis
Central Bank of Mill.	1 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	1 dis
Country Banks	4a5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small Notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State Bank	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State Bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	70 dis
Farmers' and Mech's	10 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	60 dis
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	—

TAILORS NOW IS THE TIME.—The Spring and Summer Fashions are published and our numerous subscribers supplied, and we have been accustomed to receive a large edition to our subscription list at each publication; we have, therefore, reserved a sufficient supply for new subscribers. The reports, as usual, contain the most approved drafts for Garment Cutting, and the Plates contain 16 figures exhibiting the prevailing fashions in the most superb style. Also, a correct view of the Odd Fellows' new Hall in Sixth street, Philada. Dedicated Sept. 17th, 1846, with accurate likeness of the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of I. O. of O. F. of Pennsylvania in full regalia.

Ye Tailors of ancient and noble renown,
Who clothe all the people in country and town,
Remember that Adam our father and head,
Tho' Lord of the world was tailor by trade.

And Mahan is a tailor too, he knows what the fashions are, and his subscribers know that by cutting garments in accordance with his System, a misfit is out of the question, and this is the reason why his subscription list is greater than that of all other publishers of a similar work.

TERMS—System $5 per annum. The System and Colored Plates are $8 per annum. To those who pay in advance we make a deduction of $1 for prompt pay. To those who subscribe for the System only, and pay in advance, we will send the Uncolored Plate as a compliment for prompt pay. Those who subscribe for the Colored Plates only will be charged $4 per annum, or $2 for a single one, to whom a large pattern sheet, got up for those who do not take the work with explanations, &c., will be sent. F. MAHAN, mar 27-1t* 211 Chesnut street, Philada.

VALUABLE NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Just published—Michelet's History of the Roman Republic, 1v 12mo., paper cover, 75c, cloth $1; Prof. Collot's Dramatic French Reader, $1; Ollendorff's French Method, new edition, reduced to $1; Two Lives, or To Seem and To Be, by Maria McIntosh, a new edition, 75 cts cloth, 50c paper cover; Miles's on the Horse's Foot, how to keep it sound, &c. 25 cts; Margaret Percival, a Tale, by Miss Sewell, 2v, paper cover $1, cloth $1.50; Guizot's History of Civilization in France, 3v, $2 62; T. Campbell's Complete Works, illustrated with fine steel engravings, a new edition, 1v 16mo, $1,50; Hudibras, by Saml. Butler, a new illustrated edition, $1 50.

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Yours, &c. RICHARD GRIFFEE, P. M.

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A CURE FOR BODY AND MIND. Philadelphia, Jan. 9th, 1846.

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I certify that my wife was afflicted for fourteen years, during which time her disease baffled the skill of several eminent physicians, and after finding that every means that were used failed to relieve her, I concluded to place her in the Pennsylvania Hospital, hoping that the care and treatment she would there receive from the physicians in that institution, she might be restored to health. But to my great disappointment, she grew worse, and became entirely deranged in her mind, and I was obliged to take her home again "INCURABLE" and BEREFT OF REASON. I will here mention that at this time the more prominent symptoms of her disease were Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, attended with sickness of the stomach, and vomiting of a very offensive fetid mucus, pains in her head, back and stomach and in the region of the heart, with violent attacks of Colic, a troublesome cough from large quantities of phlegm in her throat, which kept her continually gagging and retching to throw it up. She had no appetite, and was very weak. She also suffered very much from a uterine disease by which she was confined to her bed. Add to all the above, the deranged state of her mind, (which at this time was truly awful,) and you will be able to form some idea of her afflictions.

By the advice of a friend we commenced giving her your ALTERATIVE, in the doses of a tea spoonful three times a day, and found that it helped her. We also gave your Vermifuge to increase her appetite, and the Sanative Pills to regulate her bowels. She had not taken two bottles of the ALTERATIVE, before it operated upon her in a wonderful manner, filling her face with small red pimples, and caused her to expectorate large quantities of corruption, before which, her breath was so offensive we could not remain in the room with her unless the doors were open. Finding the ALTERATIVE doing her so much good, we increased the dose according to the directions, and she continued to improve daily, until finally SHE WAS RESTORED TO HEALTH, IN BODY AS WELL AS IN MIND!

I hope you will delay no time in laying this before the public, as I am willing to be qualified at any time to the truth of the above statement, and that it was your ALTERATIVE which cured her.

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Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy, Exposure or Imprudence in Life. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders, &c.

Its timely administration has been attended with the happiest results in many anomalous affections; but it is chiefly intended to fill the void which exists between cathartic and aperient medicines; hence its modus operandi is that of an alterative directly—indirectly, proving a lasting tonic to the system.

It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian Bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact, that a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contains all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of this preparation—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. William Galusha. BERKSHIRE, Vt., Oct. 22d, 1845.

Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla, I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with the Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.

Yours, truly, WM. GALUSHA.

LEGATION UNITED STATES, BERLIN, PRUSSIA, April 8, 1846.

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I am, gentlemen, respectfully yours, &c., THEODORE S. FAY.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

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Selected Poetry.

THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Beautiful the children's faces!
Spite of all that mars and sears
To my inmost heart appealing;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling;
Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—
Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us! save us! woe surrounds us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us;
Life is but a lingering death!

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing; we are ready;
We would learn, if you would teach;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that any heights can reach!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge;
Consecrate to man our powers;
Let us take our proper station;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be what you shall make us:—
Make us wise, and make us good;
Make us strong for time of trial;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

Look into our childish faces;
See ye not our willing hearts?
Only love us—only lead us;
Only let us know you need us,
And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands—many thousands!
Every day our ranks increase;
Let us march beneath your banner,
We the legion of true honor,
Combating for love and peace!

Train us! try us! days slide onward,
They can ne'er be ours again:
Save us, save! from our undoing!
Save from ignorance and ruin;
Make us worthy to be MEN!

Send us to our weeping mothers,
Angel stamped in heart and brow!
We may be our fathers' teachers:
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now!

Such the children's mute appealing;
All my inmost soul was stirred;
And my heart was bowed with sadness,
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
Said, "The children's prayer is heard!"

Howitt's Journal.

Pictures of Life.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

the admiration of the world—the fashionable world—would be ridiculous without all the luxurious adjuncts of servants, carriages, &c. Six hundred a year could not do it. Despair seized him at the idea of cutting off a single domestic from his establishment or one frog from his coat. He knew too well that the lynx eyes of his dear fraternity would perceive the defalcation in an instant, and triumph in his declension. His whole life having been hitherto spent in pondering on the color of his chariot and cutting out paper patterns for his tailor, he felt that he could only live as he had lived, or die. He was feeble-minded, but honorable. To get into debt was repugnant to his feelings as a gentleman, and he also saw that such a course would soon overwhelm him with disgrace.

He pondered upon suicide, now that he might die without the fading of a single ray from his glory; but he felt poignantly what a loss he would be to his followers and the *beau monde*, by whom he was looked upon as a pure and unquestionable pattern card.

Amidst these dark ponderings, a sudden light broke in upon him. His resolve was taken. Bright and happy thought! If he could not shine all his life, he would shine half. He would illuminate this earth but as a sun, appearing brighter from its occasional absence, which left the world in darkness.

This strange resolve he accordingly put in practice, by informing all whom it might concern, that he intended to travel abroad to improve his taste—not in articles of vertu, or by antiquarian research, but in studying the elegance of foreign manners and costume. He continued the gayest of the gay during the remainder of the fashionable season in the metropolis, then flitted, no one knew whither, and no one had a right to ask. He had no living relative, and the friendship among beaux is of that quiet, candle-light nature, that they feel no enthusiasm except in a crowd, and their knowledge of each other is only of the outside.

Time wore on, and tailors and corset makers had become busy. London again opened its eyes, and the fashionable season had arrived. With it returned our hero. Where he had been no one knew, where he came from no one cared: but there he was—the ornament of his circle—the admired of the admired. He was No. 1.

Before the rainbow of fashion again faded from the sky of ton, he vanished like a creation of the brain, or the brainless. Tailors sighed, and carriage-builders mourned. Season after season came and went—so did he. Age crept on him, but he still maintained his supremacy among fools. The hanging of his award and the tie of his cravat were patterns: his manner of taking snuff was attained by very few—but to approach him was excellence; and so did he keep up his appearance until he disappeared.

But the secret of his being able to keep up such appearances was this—and it is no fiction that I am penning: at the end of each of his performances or seasons, his carriage was packed, and his borrowed valet discharged his hotel bill: his embroideries were laid in lavender, and he departed, "into the depth of the cloud that shadowed Borgia," which was a humble cottage near the sea-side, where he boarded with a decent couple during his eclipse, and amused himself in his banishment by cutting out puzzles for tailors in paper. Thus he lived a harmless, silly life, a victim to keeping up appearances; and died satisfied that he had gained immortal glory in the fashionable world by his tact.

In some professions the keeping up of appearances is most essential, though commonly understood, and hardly wearing a veil. The young medical practitioner must keep up an appearance. He can scarcely ever succeed without a carriage. A wet umbrella and muddy boots bespeak a want of ability. Consequently his arrangements for home must be limited to pay for his horse's corn, and carriage wheels; his house, therefore, is like that which you see, in a pantomime, painted on the scene—there are window curtains, blinds, brass cages, and brass plates, labelled "day and night;" but if you were admitted through the door, you would find the same empty void that exists in the aforesaid pantomime house. All this delusion is quite necessary in the every-day world, and he could not rise without it.

Many a young chemist and druggist is forced, for the sake of keeping up appearances, to lavish the whole of his little funds in his shop, in harmless rows of bottles and jars, perfectly innocent of contents, but labelled with names denoting all the horrors of medicine. His inner room, shielded from public gaze by the highly French-polished door and plate glass, is comparatively a den furnished in the most scanty manner, being

"*Parlor, kitchen, and all.*"

But it can't be helped; he must keep up appearances.

In a country town on the north road, a surgeon, who was his own dispenser, was celebrated for his stylish shop, his stylish turn-out, as also the whispered style of his living; for, when patients called, they were shown into a handsomely furnished apartment, the folding doors of which were left ajar. If early in the morning, they had a glimpse of a splendid urn and tea-service, of apparently the most costly kind; or, if late in the day, a table, scrupulously elegant, laid for dinner. The plate and silver covers, with the glistening glass and decanters, promised a kingly repast. This struck them with awe, and gave them a very high idea of the doctor's wealth and ability.

A bluff and honest farmer, who was collector of the rates, found some difficulty in getting a heavy one, just made, from the young doctor; so, one day seeing him alight, he touched him familiarly on the shoulder and followed him in. He was asked politely into the show-room, and was dazzled, as others had been, by the glimpse of the dinner-table. After stating the reason of his call, he said that a gentleman placed as the doctor evidently was, ought really to hold out no example to poorer people to avoid the payment of necessary rates; and that it might militate greatly against him should it become known.

The doctor listened to him with patience; then, with a frank smile, led him into the next room, and begged him to be seated, and take dinner with him. After some short trial at evasion, he consented; and the doctor, with the most undisturbed countenance, raised one of his silver covers before the expectant eyes of the hungry farmer, when a single chop was discovered, flanked by two potatoes. The farmer started aghast; for he had expected to see some rich delicacy under so choice a cover.

"You see," said the young doctor, "that I treat you with frankness. This, and the like, is my usual dinner. This sherry at my side is innocent of a sea voyage. It is made in my kitchen; it is simple toast and water. To keep out of debt, and to keep appearances, I am forced to limit my appetites; and I am actually as poor a man at present as there is in the town. With the aid of this outward show my prospects are brightening, but it is sometimes a hard struggle. I show you this, because I know your character, and trust your discretion with my secret; wishing for your good opinion."

After this strange interview, the doctors' gig was often seen bowling down the lane to the farmer's beautiful home, and his tiger had to fetch him late in the evening from his comfortable quarters, more than once; and many wondered where was the charm in the blunt old farmer's conversation for a man of the doctor's erudition and elegance.

Time discovereth all things. He rolled on, and the gossips found that it was the farmer's fair daughter that kept the gig so long at the gate—which eventually brought her home with orange flowers in her bonnet. The old man dined with them, and the covers no longer covered a single mutton chop; and they were never more used for the sake of keeping up appearances.

A fussy old woman in single blessedness, who lived in a large town not many miles from London, and who was celebrated for the brightness of her brass knob and knocker, the polish on her windows, the whiteness of her steps, and the constant beating of her carpets, always received her unexpected visitors with a style and preparation as if they had not been self-invited. The dinner was unexceptionable, and startling as to quantity, when the visitors knew she would have dined alone had they not had the luck to be invited to stop. The large joint and ponderous cheese showed splendid house-keeping; the puddings and tarts were delicious, but very large for such a small establishment, she only keeping two servants—the keeping up of such appearances didn't seem to put her at all out of the way. Nor did it, although her income was small; for an inquisitive friend, one unfortunate day, discovered the secret of all this apparently wasteful luxury. In the absence of her kind entertainer from the room, she stood at the window, which looked out into the busy street, saw her friend's little maid-of-all-work stagger, with a load carefully covered, across the road to the cookshop, and return with the napkin only in her hand, and presently proceed in like manner to the cheesemonger's.

The fatal truth was discovered. The cookshop-keeper weighed his joint, last up, and lent it to the managing housekeeper, who returned it when done with, and paid for the wanting weight. The cheesemonger also lent his most massive cheese in cut, and was paid on its return, for the nibblings; thus she kept up appearances without any waste, and astonished her friends with her house-keeping.

Choice Selections.

FRENCH GOSSIP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE COURIER DES ETATS UNIS.

Alexandre Dumas tells the following story of the Bey of Tunis and of Moorish law. A French vessel was driven by a storm out of its route into the harbor of Tunis. While the captain was waiting for the wind to change, the custom house officers boarded him and demanded their fees. They were answered that the vessel had cleared for China, and not for Africa, etc. The captain, however, had to pay, but went at once to the Bey to complain.

Good Frank, said his highness, I am your friend and pity you, let your brow rest on my bosom, that my tears may fall on your sorrows.

Sire—your custom house officers have robbed me. I ask for redress. Pay me back my thousand piastres.

Good Frank, I know my officers robbed you if they could, I am very sorry, but I never pay back money. I will, however, give you justice.

Thank you, sire.

What kind of justice will you have, French or African?

Sire, I have been to law in my own country, and this time will try African justice.

For a Frank, you are wise. God is great, Mahomet is his Prophet, and I am Bey of Tunis, what is your cargo?

Soap and twenty thousand Cotton Caps! that will do, good Frank.

The Bey sent for the Vizier. God is great, said he, Mahomet is his Prophet, and I am the friend of justice and of the King of the French. Let the crier shout through the city that I shall send for any Jew seen to-morrow without a Cotton Cap. Alas! Alas! There were twenty thousand Jews in Tunis, but not one Cap maker. Luckily, however, there was a French vessel in port with twenty thousand caps, and on the next day each Jew in Tunis wore one of them.

The captain called again to see the Bey. How can I show you how I honor you? said he.

Do not thank me yet, you do not know what more I intend to do for you, and the Bey sent again for his Vizier.

Vizier, Mahomet is God's Prophet, let the crier shout through the city, that I shall send for any Jew, in whose possession a Cotton Cap shall be found.

The Vizier left, and the French captain soon followed him, when he reached his vessel, all the Jews of this city came on board, and each sorrowfully laid down a Cotton Cap upon the deck. The captain was not ungenerous, however, he repurchased the Cotton Caps at two sols a piece, and sailed for China. There, however, he was not lucky, the Chinese would not buy them, and he brought them back to Marseilles. Alexandre Dumas has one of the caps which he proposes to present to the National Museum.—*U. S. Gazette.*

BILL MORSE ON CITY TAXES.

We noticed last week Porter's new work, called "A Quarter Race in Kentucky, and other tales illustrative of character and incidents in the South and West." They are exceedingly rich. We copy one, called "Bill Morse on City Taxes," not that it is one of the best, but because it is short and pointed.

"Bill, who was a quiet backwoodsman, had, by the unexpected death of an unexpected relative, been suddenly made rich, and had taken possession of a large property in Bangor.

"The 'gentleman of the green bag,' who had travelled down to impart this information, conducted Bill to Bangor, and then having appointed himself Bill's agent, left things to themselves. The young gentleman came out in due time in very bold colors, and having always plenty of money at his disposal, enjoyed himself without stint.

"Among other rents through which his surplus cash found a ready passage, was a large tax, which in the course of the year was assessed upon him. The bill was presented, but for the life of him, Bill could not make out its meaning. After some minutes attentive scrutiny of the article, he proceeded to the landlord of the hotel where he visited.

"'I say, landlord,' said he, 'what's this?'

"'That, Mr. Morse,' answered the landlord, casting his eyes over the paper, 'is a tax bill.'

"'A tax bill, murmured Bill, regarding it with an inquisitive glance—'yes, but what's that?'

"'Why,' answered the landlord, smiling, 'it's your proportion of the expenses of the city.'

"'My proportion!' said Bill. 'What! does every one pay?'

"'Certainly,' replied the landlord, 'every one who can afford it.'

"'Oh, I can *afford it*,' said Bill, who was here touched upon a tender point; 'I'll send and have it paid.'

"The bill was settled, and in a proper time a second made its appearance. Bill hastened to the landlord.

"'Look here,' said he, in astonishment, 'here's another of them tax bills.'

"'Of course,' replied the landlord, 'they come once a year.'

"'The mischief they do, cried Bill; 'so the city goes in debt every year, does it?'

"'Regularly,' said the landlord, 'it can't be helped.'

"'Well, then, blame me!' cried Bill, in high passion, '*if the city hasn't got any better business to do than to keep running up debts for me to help her out because I did it once, she'll find herself extensively mistaken*——— I'll see her burned up, before I give her another red cent!'"

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE SIKHS.

THE STORY OF A FUKEER.

BY W. L. M'GEORGE, M. D.

A fukeer, who arrived at Lahore, engaged to bury himself for any length of time, shut up in a box, without either food or drink! Runjeet disbelieved his assertions, and was determined to put them to proof; for this purpose, the man was shut up in a wooden box, which was placed in a small apartment below the level of the ground; there was a folding door to this box, which was secured by a lock and key. Surrounding this apartment, there was the garden house, the door of which was likewise locked; and outside of this a high wall, having the doorway built up with bricks and mud. Outside the whole, there was placed a line of sentries, so that no one could approach the building. The strictest watch was kept, for the space of forty days and forty nights; at the expiration of this period, the Maharajah, attended by his grandson and several of his sirdars, as well as General Ventura, Captain Wade, and myself, proceeded to disinter the fukeer. The bricks and mud were quickly removed from the doorway of the outer wall; the door of the house was next unlocked, and lastly, the box containing the fukeer; the latter was found covered with a white sheet, on removing which, the figure of the man presented itself in a sitting posture. His hands and arms were pressed to his sides; and the legs and thighs crossed. The first part of the operation of resuscitation consisted in pouring over his head a quantity of warm water; after this, a hot cake of Atta, was placed on the crown of his head; a plug was next removed from one of his nostrils: on this being done, the man breathed strongly through it. The mouth was now opened, and the tongue, that had been closely applied to the roof of his mouth, brought forward, and both it and the lips annointed with ghee or melted butter; during this part of the process, I could not feel the pulsation of the wrist though the temperature of the body was much above the natural standard of health. The legs and arms being extended, and the eyelids raised, the former were well rubbed, and a little ghee was applied to the latter. The eyeballs presented a dim, suffused appearance, like those of a corpse. The man now evinced signs of returning animation, the pulse was felt, while the unnatural temperature of the body quickly decreased. He made several ineffectual efforts to speak, and at length uttered a few words, but in a tone so low as to make them inaudible. By-and-bye his speech was re-established, and he recognized the bystanders, addressing himself to the Maharajah, who was seated opposite to him, watching all his movements. When the fukeer was able to converse, the completion of the feat was announced by the discharge of guns, and other demonstrations of joy; while a rich chain of gold was placed round his neck by Runjeet himself; and ear-rings, bangles, shawls, &c., were presented to him. However extraordinary this feat may appear to both Europeans and Natives, it is impossible to explain it on physiological principles, and equally difficult to account for the means which the man employed in his successful imposition; for he not only denied his having tasted food or drink, but even maintained his having stopped the functions of respiration during the period of forty days and forty nights: resembling in this respect the child before birth. To all appearance the long fast had not been productive of its usual effects, for the man seemed to be in rude health, so that digestion and assimilation had apparently proceeded in the usual manner, but this of course he likewise denied, and finally asserted that during the whole period he had been in a delightful trance. It is well known that the natives of Hindostan, by constant practice, will bring themselves to exist on almost no food for several days, and it is equally true, that by long training, they are able to retain the air in the lungs for some minutes, but how the two functions of digestion and respiration could be arrested for such a length of time, appears unaccountable. The concealment of the fukeer during the performance of his feat, so far from rendering it more wonderful, serves to hide the means he employed *for accomplishing it*; and until he can be persuaded to undergo the confinement in a place where he can be observed, it is needless to form any conjectures regarding them. It is well known to physiologists, that the heart beats, and the function of the lungs is performed, even after an animal's head has been cut off; but to suppose, for an instant, that the functions of the body can be performed for any length of time without a fresh supply of arterial blood, which necessarily implies the action of respiration, unless in the case of the child in utero, is absurd; and though in cases of asphyxia from drowning and hanging, or the inhalation of hurtful gases both circulation and respiration cease for a time, still there is a limit in this, beyond which life is extinct, and no power with which we are acquainted can recall it.

REPUBLIC OF ANDORRE.

Who knows any thing of the Republic of Andorre? There is such a Republic, under the joint protection of France and Spain. It has laws by prescription, which are administered by two Judges, one French, the other Spanish. This little Republic comprises fifty four villages, with a population of twelve thousand inhabitants, living on the produce of their flocks and herds, their chief wealth.

When Napoleon crossed the Pyrenees, on his way into Spain, he stopped at Andorre, the capitol, and promised to confer on the Republic a written code of laws. But this promise concurrent political events prevented him from performing—the inhabitants have at length formed a code for themselves, and it was promulgated last month as the chief town. It is of the greatest simplicity, comprising all its enactments, civil and criminal, in one hundred articles only. Murder is a crime extremely rare in this little State, and when sentence of death is pronounced, it cannot be executed until it is confirmed by a general assembly of representatives of the villages, convoked at Andorre. The mode of execution is consistent with the nature of the people. At a short distance from the road into Catalonia is a tremendous precipice, the bottom of which no eye of man can discover. The criminal with his eyes bound, is led to the edge, and, in the presence of all who wish to attend, is thrown over by the executioner.—*Home Journal.*

PRAYER FOR AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

Father in Heaven!
Behold he whom I love is daily treading
The path of life in heaviness of soul,
With the thick darkness now around him spreading
He long hath striven,
Oh, Thou most kind, break not the golden bowl!

Father in Heaven!
Thou who so oft hast healed the broken hearted,
And raised the weary spirit bowed with care,
Let him not say his joy hath all departed,
Lest he be driven
Down to the deep abyss of dark despair.

Father in Heaven!
Oh, grant to his most cherished hopes a blessing,
Let peace and rest descend upon his head;
That his torn heart Thy holy love possessing,
May not be riven,
Let guardian angels watch his lonely bed.

Father in Heaven!
Oh may his soul be stayed on Thee; each feeling
Still lifted up in gratitude and love!
And may that Faith, the joys of Heaven revealing,
To him be given,
Till he shall praise Thy name in realms above.

LIFE AND MANNERS IN CONGRESS.—A writer in the National Era, gives the following amusing picture of life and manners in Congress. He says: "Perhaps no people have a keener sense of the ridiculous than the Americans. It is perilous for a speaker in the House of Representatives to venture upon the pathetic. A member of ample dimensions, bluff, merry looking face, and without a particle of *pathos* in his manner, while engaged the other day in a very earnest discussion of the slavery question, which he handled with spirit and ability, was so unlucky at one time as to attempt a climax on the apostacy of the times. He managed very well until he came to put on the top-stone, but there he fell flat. "When," said he, "I see" so and so, proceeding to enumerate some monstrous evils, "it makes me feel *melancholy*." So unexpected was this ending, and so oddly did it contrast with his broad good humored face, that the whole House broke out in a roar of laughter, some of them saying, "Oh, sad!"

Such little passages do good, especially when exciting questions are up. Men will never do much mischief so long as they are in the laughing mood. Hearty laughter has a most mellowing influence.

☞ A pastry cook at Bologna has produced a very novel substitute for a newspaper. It is composed of delicate paste leaves, on which witty articles are printed, not with ink, but with chocolate juice. Thus, after its literary contents are devoured, the reader may devour the production itself.

Our Picture Gallery.

GENERAL WAYNE ATTEMPTING TO QUELL A MUTINY.

FROM FROST'S PICTORIAL UNITED STATES.

As soon as the winter of 1780 commenced, the American troops retired to the quarters which they had last occupied, to undergo the same privations and distresses which had so much affected their operations during the preceding winter. There had been a plentiful harvest; yet want was felt in the camp of the country's defenders. The soldiers of the Pennsylvania line stationed at Morristown, complained that they not only suffered in common with the other soldiers, but that they were retained in service after their terms of enlistment had expired. On the night of the 1st of January, at a given signal, thirteen hundred of these men paraded under arms, and announced their intention of marching to Philadelphia and demanding a redress of grievances from Congress. In an attempt to compel them to desist from their purpose, one of the officers was killed and several wounded. General Wayne presented his pistols as if about to fire on them. They held their bayonets to his breast, and said: "We love and respect you; but if you fire you are a dead man. We are not going to the enemy. On the contrary, were they now to come out, you should see us fight under your orders with as much alacrity as ever; but we will no longer be amused—we are determined on obtaining what is our just due." No entreaties or remonstrances of their commanders could stop them in their design. They elected temporary officers and marched to Princeton in good order, with their arms and six field pieces. Here they were met by a deputation from Congress, who finally induced them to accede to a compromise. Meantime, Clinton had endeavored to persuade them to renounce their principles and join the British ranks; but, to his surprise, instead of listening to his offer, they seized his emissaries, and delivered them to General Wayne. They were afterwards tried, condemned and executed as spies. A similar attempt was soon after made by part of the Jersey line, but it was soon suppressed, and a few of the ringleaders executed. These revolts disclosed to the people the true condition of the army, and the amount of three months' pay was raised and forwarded to them. This sum was joyfully received as an evidence of the share they yet held in the memories of their countrymen.

Humorous Poem.

A WERRY GRAVE HEXORTATION.

I b'lieve you isn't married, Ned?
You does'nt know the sweets,
Vich vaits upon that appy sta'e,
Ven men and vomen meets?
The bussome varm emotions, Ned,
And the drops within the eyes,
And the nice vashed things, and the darned stockins,
And all them tender ties.

You don't know vot it is, Ned,
Vile lyin on your bed;
To gaze on careful voman's form
Vile the breakfast things is spread!
Ven you don't vant to get up, Ned,
'Cos the kiver feels so nice;
And she says "von't you av another cup,
And this ere other slice?"

Vile the fire is burnin bright, Ned,
And all upon the chair
Your linen and y'r draw'rs, Ned,
Is a hanging up "to air!"
I axes every heart, Ned,
Vot isn't made of steel,
If you can sit before that fire
And not a varming feel?

Oh, werry few indeed, Ned,
Knows ven they're truly happy;
Ven the baby is fetched in, Ned,
"To kiss its lazy pappy?"
"You little diney, piney ting,
Its mammy tum and get her;
You blessed babe is so thweet,
It toodn't be no thweeter!"

"You dod a blessed angel you,
It pulls its pappy's hair;
Take fingers out of pappy's cup,
Don't cry den, thweetest—there!
Oh, fie! to spill all pappy's tea,
You naughty, ducky, diney,
You oxey, doney, roguey, poguey,
Thweetest, thugar, thiney!"

Oh, Ned, there is some minits, ven
The sternest hearts will quiver;
Just let a baby spill y'r tea,
Vile you's beneath the kiver!
Ven little hand within y'r hair,
The tother in your cup;
Don't vonder if ve sometimes feel,
As ve could "*eat 'em up!*"

The Gardener.

HINTS ON GARDENING.

BEST SITES FOR FRUIT GARDENS.—Edson Harkness, of Peori, Ill., who has had much experience in fruit raising, makes the following statement in relation to the culture of the peach and grape (which are partially tender,) which will be found to contain valuable information to western fruit cultivators, and which fully accords with experience elsewhere. "The peach and grape flourish best upon our highest lands, and upon a thin soil; and it does not seem expedient to cultivate these fruits extensively on any other. The beautiful, gently swelling hills, called mounds, which are found interspersed all over our prairie country, are, so far as tried, peculiarly adapted to the culture of the peach and the vine. The exemption of the mounds from frost, after vegetation starts in the spring, gives them a great advantage over lower situations. During the last ten years, the wild grapes upon our highest lands have not been injured by frost, while in the low lands or hollows, they have been destroyed nearly every alternate year. And when the peach trees are injured by the winter in every other situation, those on the mounds escape.

PILLAR ROSES.—A correspondent practises the following mode of having pillar roses. Two inch augur holes are bored through pieces of scantling three by four inches, and twelve feet long, one foot apart. They are then set in the ground as posts, three feet deep. Near them tall growing roses are planted, two of different colors, one on each side of the post; and as they *grow*, the stems are run through the holes. In this way, they will rise nine feet high, and no winds can blow the stems off—no tying is necessary. *Branches intertwined*, bearing roses of contrasted colors, make a fine appearance. The Boursalts, Hybrid China, and some of the varieties of the Prairie rose, furnish fine roses for these blooming pillars.

POSITION OF FLOWER BEDS.—It often happens that two different flower-beds may be equally well managed, and flourish alike, yet one may be a mass of brilliancy, while the other exhibits little or no beauty. There are many flowers which always face the light or the sun; consequently the beds should be so placed that the spectator in the walk or window, should look them *full in the face*. That is the strongest light, and the position of the spectator should always be on the same side of the bed. This will be found particularly necessary with the pansy or tri colored violet, and some other of the smaller flowering plants.

CRANBERRIES ON UPLANDS.—A Burnham states in the Massachusetts Ploughman, that he set out cranberries from the swamps, on good corn ground, of a loamy character, in hills to admit the cultivator, and clean hoeing. A part had six inches square of muck on the roots, and others none; both did equally well. The transplanting was done early in spring; they bloomed about mid-summer, and bore fruit the same year. "The fruit," he states, "is large and handsome, many of the hills yielding a pint of berries."

MANURE FOR GRAPES.—The celebrated Brassin, conductor of the royal vinery of France, at first enriched his vine borders with strong and exciting manures; but he afterwards found that manures of slow decomposition were much better, the best mixture being composed of the cleanings of ditches, turf, and road sweepings, after being allowed to ferment a year.

BOX EDGINGS.—In watering these, which have been newly planted, in dry weather, it is of great moment when the earth is trod firmly to the roots and before levelling on the remainder of the earth, to saturate the soil completely, all around the roots, with water, with an unsparing hand, and then finish by spreading the dry soil above.—*London's Sub Hort.*

GIANT ASPARAGUS.—A correspondent of Downing's Horticulturist, raises shoots of asparagus, which, he says, are without exaggeration, as large as his hoe handle, and perfectly tender and succulent, by this method:—One part of hen dung to forty parts of stable manure, are spread two inches thick on the bed, in autumn, and forked in. The next spring this is turned over slightly, and a coating of a quarter of an inch of salt added. This dissolves by rains, and kills every weed, while it promotes a vigorous growth of asparagus. He cuts his asparagus when about six inches high, *wholly above ground*, and then it is perfectly tender.

RIPENING GRAPES.—H. C. Ogle, in the Suburban Horticulturist, says, "I have seen grapes attain the darkest color densely shaded by leaves; and on the contrary, I have seen them only attain a grisly red color when light and the sun's rays were admitted to the utmost extent possible." Hence he disapproves of the practice of defoliating vines during the ripening of the fruit, to let in the light;—the deficiency of color in many cases, is to be ascribed to crowded crops, want of air, or bad culture.

ASPARAGUS.—A correspondent of the Gardener's Magazine, some years ago, stated that the most vigorous growth was produced where the land was imperfectly drained, and rather marshy. Very fine asparagus was grown where the beds were under water nearly all winter. A light, deep soil was considered as decidedly best.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Fun and Frolic.

THE TELEGRAPHICO-GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

A colored gentleman, who has made a few thousand dollars either in the shaving or the blacking business, we are not certain which, purchased him a lot of land in one of the new made cities adjoining Boston, and applied to an architect near his new location to make him a plan of a Gothic cottage with all the modern improvements, to be called "Lily Pond Lodge."

Accordingly, the plan was drawn and submitted to the inspection of the "retired merchant." He shook his head with some dissatisfaction.

"It am werry pretty," said he; "de barrustrades at de winders, de pizarrer in front, de obserwationary on de top; but what's de *wires*?"

"Wires, what wires?" said the architect, a little chagrined.

"Prehaps I habn't hit on de tecknical name, sar," replied the colored merchant, slightly offended in his turn, "but you must sartin know what I mean! Well, sar, as you don't know, I will observe dat it am become de fashion in Boston to decorate de roofs wid two horizontaller wires."

"That is the Telegraph!" said the architect, scarcely able to suppress a laugh. "This is a Gothic ——"

"Sar," interrupted his colored friend with considerable complacency; "I 'ticipates what nail you is driving at—one is de Gohic an' de oder de Telegraph order ob architecture. Blend de two in one, sar, and put de wire on de top ob Lily Pond Lodge, or I mus' spectfully decline de plan!"

The result was that the cottage will be built with the wires on top.—*Boston Bee.*

EARLY AND LATE HOURS.—The lovers of "good stories" will relish the following magnificent piece of impertinence, by way of a college excuse:—"His (Mr. Barham's) reply to Mr. Hodson, his tutor, afterwards principal of Brazenose, will convey some notion of the hours he was wont to keep. This gentleman, who doubtless, discerning, spite of an apparent levity, much that was amiable and high-minded in his pupil, treated him with marked indulgence, sent, however, on one occasion, to demand an explanation of his continued absence from morning chapel.

"'The fact is, sir,' urged his pupil, 'you are too late for me.'

"'Too late!' repeated the tutor, in astonishment.

"'Yes, sir. I cannot sit up till seven o'clock in the morning; I am a man of regular habits, and unless I get to bed by four or five o'clock at latest, I am really fit for nothing next day.'"—*Ingoldsby Legends.*

LAWYER AND WITNESS.—Lately, a lawyer retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness, in relation to the force of the blow struck.

"What kind of a blow was given?" asked the lawyer. "A blow of the common kind." "Describe the blow." "I am not good at description." "Show me what kind of blow it was." "I cannot." "You must." "I won't." The lawyer appealed to the Court. The Court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of blow it was, he must do so. "Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness. The counsel replied that he did. "Well, then, since you compel me to show, it was this kind of blow," at the same time suiting the action to the word, and knocking the astonished disciple of Coke upon Littleton over.

TENDER HEARTED.—A tender-hearted young belle remarked to her *fair friend* the other day, that it seemed cruel to kill so many animals just for their fur. "Only think," she exclaimed, "thirty-six poor squirrels put to death to make a muff for us!"

"Why, yes," returned the other, "I never thought of it before. How cruel! Why don't the monsters take their skins off *without killing them*?"

☞ "Don't *faint*," said the corn to the cloud.

"Oh, dear, I shall drop," said the cloud to the corn.

"Come on, I'll catch you," said the corn.

"You're a queer *blade*," said the cloud—"I'll box your *ears* if you are impertinent."

"You're getting *high*—but I would advise you to *refrain* from further remarks," said the corn, *stalking* about.

TRAVELLING ANECDOTE.—"Which way do you travel from?" asked a wag of a crooked-backed gentleman. "I came STRAIGHT from Wheeling," was the reply. "Did you so?" said the other; "then you must have been most shockingly WARPED BY THE RAILROAD!"

CHEAP POSTAGE.—"A glorious thing this reduction of postage," said a fellow the other day; "I get half-a-dozen dunning letters now where I got one formerly."

A SHREWD QUESTIONER.—A Providence paper gives us the following adroit dialogue—

"Friend," said a shrewd quaker, to a man with a drove of hogs—"hast any hogs in thy drove with large bones?"

"Yes," replied the drover, "they all have."

"Hast any with long heads and sharp noses?"

"Yes, they all have."

"Hast any with long ears, like those of the elephant, hanging down over their eyes?"

"Yes, all my drove are of that description, and will suit you exactly."

"I rather think they wouldn't suit me, friend, if they are such as thou describes them. Thou may'st drive along."

ALWAYS DEAR.—A person was remarking the other day:—"How cheap everything is got!" "Not *every* thing," said his friend. "Why, what is not?" "Woman!" "Oh, I forgot—woman is always *dear*."

Agricultural.

THE COTTON CATERPILLAR.

We cannot too earnestly recommend to all those engaged in the culture of cotton, the letter of the Hon. Thomas Spalding, which we publish this morning. It contains strong internal evidence that he has hit upon the only true method of arresting the scourge which has so often in these latter years blighted the hopes of our planters. If this insect still lingers about the cotton fields, ready to awake when spring advances, and commence the work of another season's ravages, it is all important for planters to know it, that they may, on their part, put in operation a regular system of destruction. It is of little use to plant the seed, if the attacks of the caterpillar are to be renewed each year. If a night of the most intense cold, such as we had two or three weeks since, does not destroy these insects, it is too clear that intense heat must do the work.—*Savannah Republican.*

Sapelo Island, Jan. 22, 1847.

Gentlemen:—Some letters have appeared in the newspapers, respecting the caterpillar surviving the winter, either in the butterfly or in the cocoon, or chrysalis state. The sole objection I can have to such letters is, that they may lull the planter into repose, and prevent him from using all the vigilance he would use in destroying the caterpillar by fire, either in its egg, in its chrysalis or in its butterfly condition.

While in Savannah recently, my black managers found in the grass, along the roads and around the fields, many butterflies of the caterpillar species. My daughter's driver found suspended to the grass, in his fields, several of the cocoons or chrysalis quite alive, which he brought to the house, not knowing I was away.

These are facts I give, because I wish every planter, from here to Texas, to burn up and clear around his fields, as far as his convenience will permit.

That it should have been doubted for a moment that the caterpillar might survive the winter, is only wonderful when all analogy would have confirmed the fact.

The silkworm lays its eggs in May, these eggs are preserved on paper or cloth until January, and then, to prevent too early hatching, placed in an ice house—no cold injures them.

The cut-worm, so destructive to our Indian corn crops from Maine to Texas, does its work of ruin from April to June, according to latitude. When its work of mischief is over, it too, becomes a chrysal; buries itself in the earth, not more than an inch deep. Many of them come out as flies, but many remain the year round in this condition, to be exposed by the plough or hoe in the winter or spring, waiting the search of birds. And it is to this gleaning of the birds that we often owe the preservation of our Indian corn crops.

After fifty three years of cotton culture, and after more losses that any other planter in the United States has sustained by caterpillars: I believe the last hope of staying the plague must be found in fire. First clearing up and burning around our fields—fires lighted up in every field, as far as possible, of every dark night, as soon as the caterpillars make their appearance in any part of the country, however distant; for they come truly like a thief in the night, and they fly like the candle moth, (which they greatly resemble,) to the light. A single moth destroyed in the spring by fire, may stay the destruction of millions before the month of August or September.

Respectfully, your very ob't serv't,
THOS. SPALDING.

LARGE FARMING ON A SMALL SCALE.

The first premium on farms, of the Middlesex (Mass.) Agricultural Society, was awarded the past season to Amos Carlton, of Chelmsford. The manner in which he has, in the space of a few years, brought a farm of twenty-eight acres, mostly covered with woods, birches, and alders, and huge rocks, to a state of high cultivation, so as to yield several hundred dollars worth of farm products yearly, can hardly fail to be interesting.

Twelve years ago, when he purchased it, there were but seven acres; the other twenty-one he has bought at different times since. The soil is a hard gravelly loam, very stony; not one acre could be turned smooth with the plough. Improvement was commenced on an acre and a half, by digging out stone enough to fence it with double wall. Since he has had the place, he has laid about four hundred and thirty rods of wall. He formerly bought some manure, but now thinks he can make it cheaper. He finds meadow mud, well mixed with a seventh part ashes, and a quarter stable manure, quite as good as clear stable manure. At first he had but two cows and one horse; now, by the improvement in the fertility of the land, he keeps one horse, four cows in summer, and five or six in winter, with three heifers, and three pigs.

He cut eighteen tons of hay the past season from his meadow. Three years since he built a barn and carriage house, which was forty by forty eight feet, "which," he says, "I then thought was larger than I should ever fill; but I have this year had to add twelve feet more to one end."

He has given much attention to fruit. The original orchard of natural trees he grafted, and they are now in full bearing condition, and he gets four times as much good fruit as he did before of bad. In 1845, he had one hundred and twenty barrels of apples; in 1846, about eighty, and ten or twelve bushels of quinces, besides a fine supply of peaches, cherries, grapes, &c.

The amount paid for labor, including wall-building, has, of late years, been about one hundred and forty dollars per year. The produce *sold*, according to account was, for 1845, including fruit, milk, hay, &c., six hundred and forty-one dollars and twenty-five cents. About one quarter of his twenty-six acres is covered with rocks.

This account is condensed from his statement to the Committee of the Agricultural Society, who examined the farm, as published in the Boston Courier.—*Albany Cultivator.*

BROOM CORN.

Noticing a statement in the Maine Farmer, that "the rapid deterioration" of broom corn "has of late become a subject of universal complaint," with a comment that "*if planted near, or by the side of Indian corn, it will inevitably mix, and in a short time assume the characteristic features and qualities of the former*," I deem it a duty to give to such erroneous views, a positive denial, which I do without having ever cultivated it; but I base my assertion on the immutable basis of the eternal laws of nature. Indian corn is of the genus *Zea*, a native of our country; Broom Corn is of the genus *Sorghum*, a native of India, and the one can no more be changed to the other, than wheat can be changed to chess, or than a horse can be changed to a camel, by occupying an adjoining stable. It is full time that such silly notions, with all the moon-stories, witchcraft, ghost, and hobgoblin tales, and all other supernatural pretences, should be consigned to oblivion, and not render their propagators the laughing stock of every well informed mind. I presume the sole cause of the so-called deterioration of Broom Corn, at the East, is an improper course of culture. Let them visit the farms at the German Flats, on the Mohawk, and take a lesson for future guidance.

WM. R. PRINCE.

Flushing, L. I.

LUNAR INFLUENCE.—Duhamel cut a great many trees in all ages of the moon, but under other circumstances precisely similar; but in all his experiments discovered no difference in the timber. Chauvalon, at Martinique, tried accurate experiments on many kinds of vegetables in the same way, planted at different times in the lunar month, but discovered no appreciable difference.—*Albany Cultivator.*

PREMIUM CROPS IN VERMONT.

The premium crops for winter wheat in the county of Addison, were 59 bushels and 13 quarts per acre, for the crop which took the first premium, and 39 bushels for that which took the second premium. For Chittenden County, the premium crop was 41 bushels per acre: for Windsor County, it was 35¼ bushels, for the first premium, and 28 bushels for the second; for Franklin County it was 36½ bushels.

For *spring wheat*, the yield of the crop which took the first premium in Addison County, was 56 bushels per acre, and that which took the second premium, 40 bushels per acre; for Chittenden County, the yield of the premium crop was 31 bushels per acre; for Rutland County it was 27½ bushels; for Windsor County, 32 bushels, for the first premium, and 31½ bushels for the second premium.

For *Indian corn*, the yield for the crops which took the first and second premiums in Addison County, were 113 bushels, and 87½ bushels; for Chittenden County there were four premiums, and the yield of the respective crops was as follows:—94¾, 93, 85½, and 80 bushels per acre; for Rutland County, the premium was 88 bushels per acre; for Windsor County, 119 bushels, and 106 bushels per acre; for Franklin County, there were four premiums, and the respective yields were 101¼, 100, 74½, 73¾ bushels per acre.

Of *oats*, the premium crops of Chittenden County were 67 bushels and 64 bushels per acre; for Rutland, 63¾ bushels; for Windsor County, 93¾ bushels, and 80 bushels; for Franklin County, 63 bushels.

We notice that in Franklin County a premium was awarded for 960 bushels of *carrots* produced on an acre.

These would certainly be considered remarkable crops for any part of the country; and they indicate the spirit which we are confident pervades the farmers of Vermont to a wide extent, for the advancement of improved agriculture. Nowhere is a more general inquiry awakened, or a more liberal patronage bestowed on agricultural publications, and we cannot doubt that the legitimate results of this spirit are evinced in the prosperous condition of the farmers and the bountiful crops they obtain.—*Albany Cultivator.*

SWELLING OF GRAIN BY BOILING.—The Edinburgh Journal of Agriculture, gives, in the following table, the increase of bulk in different kinds of grain boiled for domestic animals to bursting:—

4 measures of	oats	increased to	7	measures	
4	"	barley	"	10	"
4	"	buckwheat	"	14	"
4	"	Indian corn	"	13	"
4	"	wheat	"	10	"
4	"	rye	"	15	"
4	"	beans	"	8½	"

A good farmer of our acquaintance said that from long experience he considered the value of corn for hogs increased by boiling in the ratio of twenty five to ten.

The Olio.

THE FROZEN CASCADE; OR, THE BRIDE OF THE ROCK.

In beauty perfected, with lavish grace,
She casts herself about his rugged form,
With all her vesture on of snowy white,
Nor left one pendant out, one dropping pearl
Could she be fairer? Through her silver veins
The warm sun searches as for some weak spot,
But, with a pride refined, she smileth back—
"I gave myself in beauty to this Rock;
Ancient he is, and reverend, and strong;
And I will fringe him with my snowy arms,
And lay my white cheek on his dark gray brow,
Nor ever melt for all thy beaming eyes!"

Harbinger.

SHORT SAYINGS.

☞ The honor of an honest man, as far as dollars and cents goes, dies when he dies—therefore, honorable conditions in writing.

☞ He that hath more knowledge than judgment, is made for another man's use rather than his own.

☞ Never marry without love, nor love without reason.

☞ "No man becomes a saint in his sleep," says Carlyle.

☞ A clear conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.

☞ I like independence in every thing, and infinitely prefer doing any thing myself to being waited upon; for, generally speaking, it is the master who waits, and not the man.

THE INDIAN AND THE BURNING GLASS.—An old Indian seated near me took out of his pouch a bit of spunk, and flint and steel, and began to strike fire to light his pipe. I directed the interpreter to tell him he need not be at that trouble, that I would bring down fire from the sun, and light his pipe with that. He looked at me awhile, and shook his head, as much as to say, "Nonsense!" I rose and went to him, drawing from my pocket a sun-glass, and carefully concealing it from his view, drew through it the focal rays, and told him to smoke. He did so; when, the tobacco being ignited and the smoke from it filling his mouth, he first looked at me, then at the sun, then at his pipe, with eyes that danced in their sockets with amazement and awe.—*McKenny's Travels among the American Indians.*

AMUSEMENT OF THE LEARNED.—Among the Jesuits it was a standing rule of the order, that after an application to study for two hours the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling. After protracted studies, Spinosa would mix with the family party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial conversation. Socrates did not blush to play with children. Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles. D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours of study every day amused himself in cultivating trees. Barclay, the author of the Argenis, in his leisure hours, was a florist. Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits. The Abbe de Maroles with his prints. And Politian in singing airs to his lute.

VALUABLE LIBRARY.—The late King of Prussia caused to be bound in large volumes his whole private fortune, which consisted of bank notes. It was contained in an apartment called the private library of the King, and on each book in letters of gold was inscribed "*Posthumous Memoirs of the King of Prussia for his son alone.*" The present King made himself master of the contents of this library in about six months and replaced the relics of his honored father by the works of Frederick the Great. The cabinet is certainly more intellectually filled, and perhaps the departure of the last King *memoires* is one of the reasons why Prussia is about to receive a Constitution.

THE TEMPTER.—As in the robbing of a house, it is the custom of the sturdiest thieves to put in a little boy at a window, who being once within the house, may easily open the doors and let them in, too; so the tempter, in rifling of the soul, despairs for the most part to attempt his entrance by some gross sin of a dismal frightful hue and appearance, and therefore he employs a lesser, that may creep and slide into it insensibly; which yet, as little as it is, will so open and unlock the bars of conscience, that the biggest and the most enormous abominations shall at length make their entrance, and seize and take possession of it.

AUTHOR'S PRICES.—Dickens obtained for the copy-right of his little story, "The Battle of Life," the sum of $4,000, with a prospect of a large addition to that amount. We believe that Dr. Johnson obtained only enough for his "Rasselas" to pay the funeral expenses of his mother, and Goldsmith found it difficult to obtain $50 for his Vicar of Wakefield, and Hume thought his fortune was made when he got $1,000 for his great history.

THE DEBTOR'S BED.—Augustus hearing that a Roman knight, who had lived extravagantly, had died overwhelmed in debt, and that his goods were to be sold at auction, gave orders to purchase his bedstead. Some of the courtiers expressing their surprise, "I would like," said he, "to have the bedstead on which he could sleep who owed so much."

IS IT POSSIBLE?—A colporteur makes the following disclosure—"In one cove in the Allegheny mountains, settled in 1808, containing over sixty souls, they never saw the face of a preacher until 1840. There was neither Bible, spelling book, nor a page of reading in the settlement; the children had never seen a preacher."

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—"If you ever marry," said a Roman Consul to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the getting of a meal of victuals, taste enough to dress herself—pride enough to wash her face before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say."

LUCK.

Be firm; one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck;
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.
Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crow bars loose the bull-dog's grip;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields,
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

OUR GOOD EFFECT.—Dr. Gutzlaff records a remarkable effect of the British invasion of China. The natives expected that their idols would repel the invaders, but seeing them unable to make the least resistance, even to save themselves from the hands of an excited soldiery, veneration gave way to contempt. The idols having proved their worthlessness, the Chinese refused to worship them, and the shrines and the priests are deserted.

ALAS FOR TRUTH AND POETRY.—Lord Byron's Maid of Athens is living in Paris, the wife of an Englishman named Black; a correspondent of the Boston Atlas thus speaks of her: "She is ugly, ignorant, and had not Byron drawn inspiration from the wells of his heart, would have never attracted notice any where. Really I pity Mr. Black, or any other intelligent man with such a wife, but understand that he is the kindest of husbands, and that their life is most unpoetically happy."

UNCULTIVATED LANDS IN FRANCE.—Prince Louis Napoleon Buonaparte has published a pamphlet on the "Extinction of Pauperism in France." He affirms that there is 9,190,000 acres of uncultivated land in that country, now yielding the very small rent of eight francs per acre, which he proposes should be brought into cultivation by the government, at the expense of £12,000,000 at the rate of £3,000,000 a year.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 1, 6, 3, 8, 10, is very useful.
My 2, 9, 8, is a mineral.
My 3, 8, 5, 9, 6, is the name of a River in Africa.
My 4, 9, 6, 10, is the name of a Town in New York.
My 5, 8, 6, 9, 5, 8, is the first name of a great Commander.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, is the name of a man that was disappointed in his plans.
My 7, 6, 3, 8, 10, is a metal.
My 8, 10, 8, is a useful member of the body.
My 9, 10, 8, is a production.
And the sound of my *tenth*
When on the ear it doth fall,
Is the same as a word,
Though it's no word at all.
My whole is the name of a County in one of the Middle States.

E. M.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 16, 15, 1, 5, is a prominent organ on the face.
My 13, 12, 14, 11, is sleep, cessation of labor.
My 13, 15, 7, is an instrument for measuring.
My 10, 15, 2, 7, is a reptile resembling a frog.
My 11, 13, 5, 1, 11, 6, 12, is a frame to support any thing.
My 3, 5, 6, 6, 12, 16, was a splendid writer.
My 8, 1, 9, 6, 3, is a holy song.
My 13, 4, 6, 5, is to govern, manage.
My whole is the name of one of the publishers of a well known journal.

Penn Township, Pa. D. F.

RIDDLE.

A WONDERFUL BEING.

[The American Whig states that "the following lines were suggested during a conversation in a neighboring town, many years ago, upon Riddles. An old gentleman remarked to a dame that if she would make a riddle that he could not interpret, he would give her a quart of liquor. (Be it remembered that it was more fashionable in old times to 'take something' than at the present day.) The old lady took down her Bible, summoned her muse, and thus she sung. The liquor was forfeited. A correspondent copied the lines from her own hand writing, suggesting that it might amuse some of our readers, but wouldn't agree to bring in the spirits if they happen to guess the riddle." We must depend upon our readers for the answer.]

God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first,
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body he did make complete,
But without legs or arms or feet;
My ways and actions did control,
And I was made without a soul.

A living being I became,
'Twas Adam that gave me my name,
Then from his presence I withdrew,
Nor more of Adam ever knew.

I did my Maker's laws obey,
From them I never went astray;
Thousands of miles I run in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.

But God in me did something see,
And put a living soul in me,
A son of me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again.

And when from me the soul was fled,
I was the same as when first made,
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.

I labor hard both day and night,
To fallen men I give great light,
Thousands of people both young and old,
Will by my death great light behold.

No fear of death doth trouble me,
For happiness I cannot see;
To Heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave nor hell below.

The Scriptures I cannot believe—
If right or wrong, I can't conceive,
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me an empty sound.

And now my friend these lines you read,
And search the Scriptures with all speed,
And if my name you don't find there,
I'll think it strange I must declare.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upward?

Why is an avaricious man like one with a short memory?

Why is a man walking to a town like one endeavoring to prevent a blow?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
Westmoreland.

ENIGMA.
Cornelius Marion Hutton.

RIDDLE.
Hovel. Love. Hole.

CONUNDRUMS
He is above COMMITTING A BAD ACT.
YOUR FATHER.
THE BELLES ARE WRINGING.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Put a pint of common molasses over a slow fire; let it boil; stir it to prevent its running over the top of the kettle. When it has boiled for some time, try it, by taking some in a saucer: when cold, if it is brittle and hard, it is done. Flavor with essence of lemon, and stir shelled pea nuts (ground nuts), or almonds into it, and pour it into a buttered basin, or square tin pans, to cool.

Or, it may be made a light color by pulling it in your hands, after first having rubbed them over with sweet butter, to prevent the candy from sticking to them during the process.

TO MAKE A PYRAMID OF COCOANUT DROPS, MACAROONS, OR KISSES.—Boil some loaf sugar to candy height (see lemon candy); have a tin form, or make one of stiff paper; rub butter over the outside, to keep the candy from sticking; set it firmly on a plate or table; begin at the bottom by putting a row around it, and sticking them together with the prepared sugar; then add another row, and so continue until the pyramid is finished. When the cement is cold it may be taken from the form.

Kisses or cocoanut drops are more difficult to make in this form than macaroons, the former being so much more heavy.

TO MAKE MOTTOES.—Cut colored tissue paper in pieces of about four inches in width and five long; cut the ends in fine fringe of one inch depth; put in the centre of each a sugared almond or any other candy, and a motto verse or two; fold the paper around it, and twist each end close to the candy; so continue until you have enough